

Chlann 'Illeathain

The Clan Maclean Family: Highlanders of Rosshire and the Black Isle



Ian Harvey

Clhann 'Illeathain
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Researched and written by Ian Harvey

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Preface

A debt of gratitude is owed to Alan Toft, who, in the 1990s, researched and compiled the first extensive family tree on the Maclean family. Alan communicated often with William and Atha Maclean who resided in Vernon, British Columbia during the final years of their lives, as well as with other extended family members who have since passed on, and made extensive notes of those conversations and the letters which were exchanged, several of which have been included in this work.

A second source of important information on the Maclean family is the 1911 paper, *Memoir of Andrew Maclean: Scholar and Preacher*, by J. G. Galbraith. This thoughtful memoir provides many valuable insights into the life and person of Andrew which otherwise would have been forever lost to time. The full version of J. G. Galbraith's paper has been reprinted in the pages below.

In both of those works I have discovered a few minor errors – which I know from experience are far too easy to make in genealogical research and to no fault of the authors – and have made my best effort to correct them when found by comparing birth, baptism, marriage and death certificates, primarily obtained through the *scotlandspeople.gov.uk* web site, among other sources.

In the following pages, the reader will find notes regarding any errors I have detected and which I have made my best attempt to correct. Admittedly, this updated work will contain its own mix of fact and error, and in the years ahead I hope that future descendants of the Macleans will find that spark of interest and build on this work as it stands today – a family tree is never a completed work!

One final note, an extensive genealogical database has been created as well as a web site that contains all of the information in the pages below, and includes copies of the historical records I have referenced. A PDF version of this book is also available to download from the site. The web site can be accessed at *genealogy.ianharvey.ca* and there you will also find a link to a

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copy of the database which was created with the Gramps Genealogical Research Software, freely available at *gramps-project.org*.

Ian Harvey
Waterloo, Ontario
21 June 2022

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The Maclean Family Tree

Hector McLean
b. About 1740
m. 8 March 1764 to Christian McKenzie

|

Rory 'Roderick' McLean
b. 19 December 1764
m. 10 June 1791 to Christian Matheson

|

Hector (Eachain Mor) Maclean
b. 6 January 1793
d. 19 July 1875
m. 13 June 1828 to Isabella Mackenzie

|

Roderick 'Rorie of the Highlands' Maclean
b. 18 May 1829
d. 4 July 1894
m. 21 December 1857 to Isabella MacLennan

|

Andrew Maclean
b. 21 July 1840
d. 13 August 1911
m. 25 June 1890 to Mary Macdonald

|

William Andrew Mackenzie Maclean
b. 30 September 1868
d. 15 October 1951
m. 27 April 1905 to Mary Smallman

|

|

|

William R.
Maclean
b. 1906

Roderick M.
Maclean
b. 1907

Kenneth
Maclean
b. 1910

The Maclean Ancestry

1740s – Hector McLean and Christian McKenzie; Alexander Matheson and Elizabeth Forbes

Hector McLean and Christian McKenzie were likely born in the 1740s and married in their early twenties on 8 March 1764, and are the likely parents of Rory 'Roderick' McLean who was baptised 19 December 1764. They also had three other children, Ann, born 26 November 1767, Farchar, born 7 August 1777, and Cathrine, born 26 August 1779. Ann's baptism record states that her father Hector was from Kilbokie (Culbokie), Scotland, and his occupation was that of a Millar, meaning 'one who grinds grain'.

Alexander Matheson and Elizabeth Forbes (possibly Elizabeth Mitchel Forbes) were also likely born during the 1740s and married in their twenties. Alexander and Elizabeth's daughter, Christian, was baptised 14 February 1764 in the Parish of Urquhart and Logie Wester, county of Ross and Cromarty, Scotland.

Christian Matheson, daughter to Alexander and Elizabeth, was to meet and marry Rory 'Roderick' McLean, son to Hector and Christian.

As for Rory 'Roderick' McLean, however, it has been difficult to determine with absolute certainty his ancestors and immediate family, but the baptism record¹ for a Rory McLean, son of Hector McLean and Christian McKenzie, is most likely the correct one. As noted above, Rory, or Roderick, had three younger siblings.

The fact that Rory 'Roderick' McLean and Christian Matheson named their son Hector lends credibility to his parents being Hector McLean and Christian McKenzie. Further, Rory was born in the Parish of Urquhart and Logie Wester, which is also the most likely location based on the known history of the families. Various birth, baptism, marriage dates and names

¹ Source: <https://genealogy.ianharvey.ca/img/8/e/f03cf62ab556e8b20a62ff5c3e8.html>

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align as well. That said, further research will be required to verify with certainty.

1760s – Rory, or Roderick, McLean and Christian Matheson

Roderick Maclean (named Rory on his baptism record; son of Hector McLean and Christian McKenzie) was baptised 19 December 1764 exactly nine months after his parents' marriage, and during his life he worked as a general labourer and farmer. He married Christian Matheson on 10 June 1791 at the Parish of Urquhart and Logie Wester, located at the eastern tip of the Black Isle, a peninsula within Ross and Cromarty, in the Scottish Highlands. Urquhart and Logie Wester is located 24 miles north west of Inverness. Roderick and Christian would have been 26 and 27 years of age, respectively, at the time of their marriage and they had one known son, Hector.

The marriage record of Roderick and Christian shows, as previously noted, they were married in the Parish of Urquhart and Logie Wester, but they may have lived for a short time in Bail' Iochdrach or Baliochrach (*Am Baile Ìochdrach* in Gaelic), a village on Benbecula in the Outer Hebrides, as this is stated in the baptism record of their son, Hector. But even if so, it is likely the couple returned to the Black Isle around the time Hector was born.

1790s – Hector (Eachain Mor) Maclean and Isabella Mackenzie

Hector (Eachain Mor, or 'Big Hector') Maclean was born in December 1792 and baptised 6 January 1793 at the Parish of Urquhart and Logie Wester.

Hector married Isabella Mackenzie on 13 June 1828, also at the Parish of Urquhart and Logie Wester. Their first child, Roderick, was born in 1829. And the second and only other known son was Andrew Maclean, born at Brae Findon in Ferintosh on 21 July 1840.

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On the marriage record Hector is listed as a labourer from Culbokie.² But it seems he was much more than that word indicates. According to the following note by Alan Toft, Hector was a whisky distiller and also helped finance the famous Dalmore distillery:

William Revington wrote to me, from Vernon, British Columbia, on July 12 1993. He wrote, "*I see you have Hector Maclean listed as a labourer. My father told me that Hector had a special license to distill whisky. The license was then reneged on by whom soever issued it. He then arranged to run the produce from the Black Isle to Edinburgh, and prospered. He gave his offspring a good education. This is a matter of interest and no doubt true because my father told me about it years ago.*"

Dittie Lumsden had told me that Hector had financed the Dalmore Distillery in Evanton. Hector is merely listed as a labourer on his son's birth certificate!

Hector was also seen as something of a poet and singer.

In August 1993 William Revington Maclean told me that Hector's children were well, and expensively, educated – Aberdeen Grammar School and Edinburgh University.

The Dalmore distillery story is very interesting. Dalmore – now a world class distillery that bears the iconic image of the 12 pointed Royal stag and emblem of the Clan Mackenzie since 1263³ – was founded in 1839 by Sir Alexander Matheson, but in 1867 Matheson awarded the lease to 24 year-old Andrew Mackenzie and his younger brother Charles. On taking over the distillery in November of that year, the brothers began a programme of

² Culbokie (*An Cùil Bhàicidh* in Gaelic, meaning 'the haunted nook') is a small village in the Black Isle.

³ View online Benjamin West's famous painting, *Alexander III of Scotland Rescued from the Fury of a Stag by the Intrepidity of Colin Fitzgerald ('The Death of the Stag')*.

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investment in what had become a dilapidated distillery including repairing the stills and building a new filling store.⁴ Hector's wife, Isabella, was the aunt of Andrew and Charles, being the elder sister of the boys' father, William.⁵ It is quite certain that Hector – who knew the whisky business and earned a good living – was an investor in Dalmore and there is no reason to doubt that Hector would have helped finance his wife's nephews' business venture.

Hector passed away in Rosskeen at the age of 83 on 19 July 1875. Isabella passed away the following year, in Rosskeen, 4 April 1876 at the age of 72.

1830s – Roderick 'Rorie of the Highlands' Maclean and Isabella McLennan, and their descendents

Roderick Maclean (18 May 1829-4 July 1894), known as 'Rorie of the Highlands', is the eldest son of Hector Maclean and Isabella Mackenzie. He married Isabella McLennan (4 January 1830-19 July 1873), daughter to John McLennan and Mary Munro, in 1857. They had seven known children:⁶

- Hector (1859-18 March 1894)
- John (1861-)
- Roderick (1863-)
- Mary (1865-)
- Isabella (1866-)
- William (30 September 1868-15 October 1951)
- Donald (1877-14 November 1957)

In 1861 Roderick 'Rorie of the Highlands' Maclean was about 31 years old. His wife, Isabella McLennan, was 29. The family lived just a few miles north of Alness, which is located in the county of Ross and Cromarty.

⁴ <https://scotchwhisky.com/whiskypedia/3230/mackenzie-brothers/>

⁵ The parents of Isabella and her brother William are Andrew McKenzie and Mary Forbes.

⁶ Roderick and Isabella, their eldest son Hector, and their youngest son Donald and his wife Winifred Grace Maclean (nee Dudley), are buried together at Rosskeen Cemetery, Scotland.

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Census data between 1861 and 1881 show that they lived in the tiny rural community of Easter Ardross and lists Roderick's occupation as a Land Agent's Clerk.⁷

The situation in the Highlands during the late 1700s and early 1800s was dire and life was extremely difficult due to the Highland Clearances from 1750-1860, however, Roderick's father Hector apparently did quite well for himself, as did Roderick under employ by landowners. He was well-educated, having attended Edinburgh University, and the family always had servants listed in the household employ.

Roderick was an active member of the *Gaelic Society of Inverness* from 1873-1890 and served as a Council member in 1890 as one of the three Chieftains.⁸ Roderick was a scholar and fluent in the Gaelic language, and had a deep knowledge of the land and its history. He wrote and presented three papers for the Society, which have been transcribed in the following pages:

- *The Parish of Rosskeen*, 7 April 1886
- *Notes on the Parish of Alness*, 28 March 1888
- *Notes on the Parish of Kiltearn*, 8 May 1889

Roderick's grandson, William Revington, provided the following information to Alan Toft, who writes:

August 1993 – William Revington Maclean gave me a note which had the following information:

'Rorie of the Highlands – finest shot of Highlands. Shot 2 or 3 times hand running for Queen's Cup. Colonel-in Chief of

⁷ Traditionally, a land agent or factor's clerk, was a managerial employee who conducted the business affairs of a large landed estate for a member of the landed gentry, supervising the farming of the property by farm labourers and/or tenants and collecting rents or other payments.

⁸ *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, Volume XVI, 1889-1890.

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Seaforth Highlanders. Invented forceps (instruments) in child birth the likes of which were still used until a few years ago.'

The information above is interesting but questionable and I have been unable to verify if he was a champion shot and whether he was a member of the Seaforth Highlanders.⁹ Further, the forceps were invented in the late 16th century by Peter Chamberlen the elder, long before Roderick's time.

According to the 1871 census, Roderick and his family were still living in Easter Ardross. William Andrew Mackenzie was now 2 years old, being born in 1868, and the household grew in that period from 2 children to 7. At that time, Roderick and his wife, Isabella, had her sister, Margaret McLennan, 27 years old, living with them and registered as a housekeeper. There were 2 additional servants as well. Roderick was listed as a Factor's Clerk, which suggests he was a land manager for property holders.¹⁰

Sadly, Isabella died on 19 July 1873 from pulmonary phthisis (tuberculosis) at the young age of 43. Her son, William Andrew Mackenzie, would have been around 4 years old when she passed away. The census data shows that her unmarried sister, Margaret, stayed to live with the family for many years following Isabella's death.

In the 1881 census, they were still in Easter Ardross. William Andrew Mackenzie was about 12 at this time.

⁹ The Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, The Duke of Albany's) was a line infantry regiment of the British Army, mainly associated with large areas of the northern Highlands of Scotland. The regiment existed from 1881 to 1961 (Wikipedia).

¹⁰ It is possible that Roderick's employer, or one of his employers, may have been Sir Alexander Matheson, 1st Baronet (16 January 1805 – 26 July 1886). Sir Matheson leased the Dalmore distillery to the Mackenzies, to which his father, Hector, was an investor. Another connection is that in *The History and Genealogy of the Mathesons*, by Alexander Mackenzie, F. S. A. Scot. – which can be found at <https://deriv.nls.uk/dcn23/9556/95561804.23.pdf> – Roderick is listed on page vii as a subscriber: Maclean, Rodk., Esq., Factor for Lochalsh and Ardross.

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The 1891 census states that the family resided in Inverness on Old Edinburgh Road and that Roderick was a retired Estate Factor. The exact year the family moved to Inverness is unknown, but Roderick was about 62 years of age in 1891.

Roderick seems to have done very well financially as the 1891 census shows that he still had four children at home, as well as his sister-in-law Margaret, including a niece, one granddaughter and four servants: a silk nurse (Ellen K S Fraser), a cook (Sophia Munro), a nurse (Catherine Campbell), and a housemaid (Christina MacLeod). His son, William Andrew Mackenzie, is not registered as living with them in the 1891 census so it appears he moved away from the household before he was 21-22 years of age.

1840s – Andrew Maclean and Mary Macdonald

The second and only other son of Hector and Isabella was Andrew Maclean, brother to Roderick ‘Rorie of the Highlands’. He was born at Brae Findon in Ferintosh on 21 July 1840 and died 13 August 1911 at the age of 70. Andrew attended Grammar School in Aberdeen and went on to become a schoolmaster at Clava, near Inverness, and then a teacher at the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides. He was a very devoted Christian and eventually gave up teaching to become a Free Church¹¹ missionary. His story, *Memoir of Andrew Maclean: Scholar and Preacher*, written by J. G. Galbraith, has been transcribed in the following pages.

Andrew was a scholar of religion and had a remarkable command of the Gaelic language. Galbraith writes, “Andrew Maclean’s English was polished and fluent, and his Gaelic was remarkable for its grammatical accuracy. His vocabulary in that language was exceptionally extensive, whilst his preaching was at once poetic and exact.” Andrew also studied the Greek and Hebrew languages.

¹¹ The Free Church of Scotland (1843-1900) is a Presbyterian denomination which was formed in 1843 by a large withdrawal from the established Church of Scotland in a schism known as the Disruption of 1843. The Free Church was formed by Evangelicals who broke from the Church of Scotland in 1843 in protest against what they regarded as the state’s encroachment on the spiritual independence of the Church.

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According to Galbraith, Andrew tragically lost his first wife and two children and eventually remarried:

From Brae Findon school Andrew Maclean went to the famous Grammar School of Aberdeen, where he came under the influence of Duncan Matheson, the well-known evangelist. On leaving Aberdeen, Maclean was appointed schoolmaster at Clava, and married. He was next sent as a teacher to the Isle of Lewis, where he lost his wife and two children. Subsequently he married again.

Andrew remarried at the age of 49, just one month shy of his 50th birthday. His second wife was named Mary Forbes Macdonald. According to their marriage record, Mary was 45 years of age and listed as a housekeeper and spinster from Rosskeen.¹² Her parents were Lewis Macdonald and Mary MacKenzie. Apparently, Andrew and Mary had one son together who moved to the United States, according to Galbraith. His name and story are unknown. Mary passed away in 1922 in Gairloch at the age of 79.

There has been some confusion in the family as to the ancestry of Andrew and his brother Roderick. However, we do know that their father and mother were Hector (Eachain Mor) Maclean and Isabella Mackenzie, but it has always been believed that their *paternal* grandfather was named Andrew, known as Andra nan Duan, or 'Andrew of the Songs' which is incorrect. This confusion, or error, I will clarify the reason for.

In Galbraith's thoughtful memoir of Andrew Maclean, he writes:

Andrew's grandfather and name sake, whose familiar name Andra Michael, is still remembered in his native parish, was an elder under Dr. Macdonald, the famous minister of Ferintosh (Parish Minister from 1813; F. C. Minister 1843-1849). He was also known as Andra nan Duan "Andrew of

¹² Andrew and Mary were married in Inverness at 4 Gordon Place on 25 June 1890. He was a resident of Alness at the time and probably working as a missionary under Rev. A. R. Munro. Mary had been living in Rosskeen according to their marriage record.

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the Songs,” probably in reference to poetic gift. His son, Eachain Mor, father of the younger Andrew, was a poet and singer of no mean order.

I believe that this passage is the source of the confusion and that Galbraith is in error here. Andrew’s father was indeed Hector and this is not in dispute. Hector’s death certificate was signed by his eldest son Roderick, and his second son, Andrew, has Hector and Isabella listed as his parents on both his baptism and death records. Therefore, the records confirm that Roderick and Andrew are indeed brothers and that Hector and Isabella are their parents. But as for Hector, both his baptism and death certificates confirm that his parents were Rory ‘Roderick’ McLean and Mary Christian Matheson, making it certain that Rory and Mary are his parents and the *paternal* grandparents of both Roderick and Andrew, and that there is no ‘Andrew’ or ‘Andra Michael’ on the paternal side as has been claimed by Galbraith. The most probable explanation for Galbraith’s error is that he confused ‘Andrew of the Songs’ as being Hector’s father, when in fact he was his wife Isabella’s father, who was named Andrew McKenzie.¹³ Hector’s marriage to Isabella introduced Clan Mackenzie into the family tree and is also why the name ‘Andrew’ begins here to appear in the family tree: Hector and Isabella named their second son Andrew (after Isabella’s father), and their first son and daughter-in-law, Roderick and Isabella McLennan, named one of their children William Andrew Mackenzie (after Roderick’s maternal grandfather).

One final correction, Andrew Maclean passed away in 1911, but Galbraith states that Andrew died 5 August but the official death record states that he died 13 August. Andrew was 70 years old at the time of his passing and was survived by his wife Mary Maclean, nee Macdonald, and a son who was in America. Galbraith writes, “Mr. Maclean’s only surviving son had long before emigrated to America, but his wife’s devoted care attended him to the last.”

¹³ <https://genealogy.ianharvey.ca/pp/4/9/f0cf01aed08413089145e091994.html>

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1860s – William Andrew Mackenzie Maclean and Mary Rogers Smallman

William Andrew Mackenzie was born 30 September 1868 in Ardross, Rosskeen Parish. He was about 4 years old when his mother passed away in 1873 from tuberculosis. He was raised by his father and aunt, Margaret, who lived in the family household for many years following her sister's death.

William was not living in the household by 1891 according to the census of that year, so it appears he moved before he was 21-22 years of age. Perhaps he left around the time his father retired and moved to Inverness, and one family recollection states that he lived for a time in Glasgow and then went to South Africa to pursue a career in shipbuilding in the mid 1890s. Two ship manifests have been found that confirm when he may have left England for South Africa, possibly on 13 April 1893 or on 12 December 1896.¹⁴ The ages recorded on the ship manifests do not match exactly with William's birth year of 1868, but ship manifests often do contain minor errors.

The Boer War¹⁵ was between the years 1899-1902 and William was in the service in some capacity, possibly as a Scout. There was no conscription so he likely joined voluntarily, possibly the Lovat Scouts.¹⁶ However, searches of various military and service databases have yet to produce any conclusive information. The period of his life between the ages of 22 and 36 remains somewhat a mystery, however, the following note from Alan

¹⁴ "W McLean was born about 1866. At the age of 27, he left England on April 13, 1893, and arrived in Cape Town, South Africa."

Source: <https://www.ancestry.ca/sharing/28877969?h=07c81d>

"Mr W McLean was born about 1866. At the age of 30, he left England on December 12, 1896, and arrived in Cape Town, South Africa."

Source: <https://www.ancestry.ca/sharing/28877683?h=a16ddf>

¹⁵ The second South African War broke out in 1899, resulting from a long-term struggle for supremacy in southern Africa between British colonies and the Boer republics of Transvaal and Orange Free State.

¹⁶ The Lovat Scouts was a British Army unit first formed during the Second Boer War as a Scottish Highland yeomanry regiment of the British Army.

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Toft, who often communicated with William Revington and Atha Maclean, sheds some light on William's life:

William Andrew Mackenzie Maclean was regarded as a charming gentleman if, perhaps, a little eccentric – according to his son. He was the youngest son¹⁷ of Rorie of the Highlands. He was born in Scotland, emigrated to South Africa, where he met his wife and where his two eldest sons were born (William and Rod) – Kenneth was born in Winnipeg. He fought in the Boer War and moved to Canada under medical advice. He was apprenticed in the shipping trade in Glasgow and sent to South Africa by his employer, John Hacks. In Canada he was the manager of the plant department at Ashdown's hardware store in Winnipeg.

William and Mary Rogers Smallman were married on 27 April 1905 in Somerset East, South Africa when he was 36 years of age and she was 31. Their marriage certificate lists William's occupation as 'storekeeper' from Pretoria, Transvaal.

Mary gave birth to their first son, William Revington, in Pretoria on 10 February 1906. And on 8 May 1907, Mary gave birth to their second son, Roderick, in East London, South Africa.

On 17 February 1908, William and his wife Mary and their two sons, boarded the Union Castle steamship *S. S. Saxon* in East London, South Africa and sailed to Southampton, England, arriving 29 February 1908.¹⁸ Presumably they stayed and visited William's siblings, Roderick and Mary, and their families for about five months before proceeding to Canada. Then on 23 July 1908, the family of four boarded the *S. S. Tunisian* steamship in Liverpool and arrived in the Port of Québec on 31 July 1908.¹⁹ Upon arriving in Canada, they proceeded to Winnipeg where Mary gave birth to their

¹⁷ He was the second youngest son; Donald was the youngest.

¹⁸ S. S. Saxon passenger list; arrived in the Southampton 29 February 1908.
Source: <https://genealogy.ianharvey.ca/img/a/8/f0bebebf6617fd05c6792cfa8a.html>

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third child, Kenneth. Sadly, Mary died in Winnipeg at the young age of 38 in 1912 after contracting tuberculosis, just shortly after Kenneth was born. This left William alone with three very young children. He would have been 43 years of age at the time of Mary's death.

The following note is from Alan Toft, and shares some insights to Mary's life:

Her mother's family came out from Somerset, England as part of the Grahamstown Settlers of 1812. She emigrated, with her Scottish husband, whom she met in South Africa, and their family, to Canada in about 1912.²⁰ She never settled in Canada. She'd been used to a life with servants in South Africa and life in pre-Great War Winnipeg was harsh. In fact she died only shortly (2 days?) before her husband had planned to take her and their three children back to South Africa. When she became ill she went to stay with her brother, Claude Revington Smallman, who had a cottage at Winnipeg Beach. She died there, probably of a heart attack in about 1914.²¹

In January of 1915, two and a half years after Mary's passing and shortly after the start of the First World War, William, along with two of his sons, William and Rod, boarded the Allan Line steamship *Pretorian* in Saint John, New Brunswick and set sail for Liverpool, England.²² They then proceeded to either Lincoln where William's older brother Roderick was living with his wife Caroline and children, or more probable, to Ealing Common in London, where his sister Mary was living with her husband, James

¹⁹ S. S. Tunisian passenger list; arrived in the Port of Québec 31 July 1908.
Source: <https://genealogy.ianharvey.ca/img/b/2/f0b15cdb11457479d648046f22b.html>

²⁰ They arrived in Canada 31 July 1908.

²¹ Mary died in 1912 from tuberculosis.

²² S. S. Pretorian passenger list; arrived in the Port of Liverpool 16 January 1915.
Source: <https://genealogy.ianharvey.ca/img/f/8/f0b14e3943e7eb66dc57f17608f.html>

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MacBean, and children. William had taken his two sons, aged 8 and 7, to be under the care of his siblings in England and to attend school. The two boys attended and resided at Taplow Grammar School west of London in Buckinghamshire. Alan Toft has written the following:

After his mother died in 1913, Bill (and his brother Roderick) were educated in England at Taplow Grammar School in Buckinghamshire and Collingwood College near Lee in Kent. He remembers his father taking the two of them over to England shortly after the First World War broke out. Bill remembers them staying with the MacBeans at Ealing Common and then his father returning to Canada where the youngest son, Kenneth, had remained.

William had left his youngest son, Kenneth, in the care of his brother-in-law Claude (Mary Roger's brother) who lived in Selkirk, Manitoba. William then returned to Canada nine months later on the *S. S. Carthaginian* which departed Glasgow on 28 September 1915 and arrived at the Port of Québec on 9 October.²³

As for the two boys, William and Roderick, they returned to Canada in 1920 after living in England for six years. They were just 14 and 13 years of age when they boarded the *S. S. Grampian*, which departed Southampton on 8 June and arrived in Montréal on 19 June.²⁴ Spending eleven days at sea on your own at that young age would have been quite an adventure!

William Andrew never re-married and eventually moved to British Columbia, and lived for a time in Horsehoe Bay. During his time in

²³ S. S. Carthaginian passenger list; arrived in the Port of Québec 9 October 1915. Oddly, William is listed on the manifest as being 60 years of age when in fact he was only 46. It also states that he had previously been in Canada from 1874 to 1914, a period of 40 years. These wildly inaccurate errors are either the result of a very careless ship's log keeper or perhaps William intentionally provided him with false information.

Source: <https://genealogy.ianharvey.ca/img/b/d/f0b934ff4e12f3b7dc71ae842db.html>

²⁴ S. S. Grampian passenger list; arrived in Montréal 19 June 1920.

Source: <https://genealogy.ianharvey.ca/img/1/8/f13eb27432a3981575a0e7ed481.html>

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Winnipeg he worked at a hardware store. He resided with William and Roderick and their families at different times in his latter years. He was moved to Shaughnessy Hospital in August 1951 and died 6-7 weeks later on 15 October 1951. He was buried at Mountain View Cemetery in Vancouver.

Mary Rogers Smallman's father was Thomas Revington Smallman and her mother was Esther Trollip. The Trollip's were among the British 1820 Settlers to South Africa. Her father, Thomas, an accountant, was born in 1821 in Tipperary, Ireland, and settled in South Africa where he met his second wife, Esther Trollip. According to Thomas' death certificate, his first wife was named Mary Ann Fillingham (nee Collins) and they had one son together in Ireland named William. His second marriage to Esther produced three children: Claude Revington, Mary Rodgers, and Reginald Trollip.

The Trollips were a well known family among the 1820 settlers. Esther was the daughter of Jacob Trollip and Rebecca Rogers. Jacob and Rebecca married in 1833 at the ages of 17 and 25 respectively.

There is a tragic story regarding the death of Rebecca at the very young age of 19 in the summer of 1835 when Esther was just an infant, during the Sixth Kaffir War which took place that same year. Jacob Trollip had been working at his sister's and brother-in-law's farm, Rhoda Trollip and James Collett.²⁵ The story is recounted in the book *Footprints in the Karoo*:

Jacob Trollip, a mason, was working with James Lydford Collett on the farm and when James and his wife Rhoda were away one day natives attacked the house and came at Jacob with assegais.²⁶ His wife, Rebecca, intervened and was fatally injured, and their eighteen-month old baby daughter,

²⁵ James Lydford Collett was married to Rhoda Ann Trollip, Jacob's older sister. There is a book about their life titled, *A Time to Plant: Biography of James Lydford Collett, Settler*, by Joan Collett, published in 1990.

²⁶ An assegai is a pole weapon used for throwing, usually a light spear or javelin made up of a wooden handle and an iron tip. The use of various types of the assegai was widespread all over Africa and it was the most common weapon used before the introduction of firearms. The Zulu, Xhosa and other Nguni tribes of South Africa were renowned for their use of the assegai.

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Ester, was slightly wounded in the hip. James and Rhoda reared this child as one of the family.²⁷

Another account of the story has been provided in a letter by Pat Short, which Alan Toft included in his notes:

The following is taken from the letter of Pat Short, quoting portions of the book by Doria Trollip Gordon:

‘Jacob Trollip was born in 1808, baptised in Frome 7 May 1808, and died at Brak River, Cape Colony, 21 February 1859. He was a mason. He was married early in 1833 to Rebecca Rogers, born in Westbury, Wiltshire, in 1816, the daughter of Robert and Sarah Rogers. She met with tragedy. From the diary of James Lydford Collett (brother-in-law of Jacob): “I found to my extreme grief they (the Kaffirs) had severely stabbed Mrs. Jacob Trollip in the right side, who, with her husband, were living with me. It soon became evident her recovery was hopeless. She expired the following day.” Quote from Mrs. Gordon’s book: “The attack was made on 13.5.1835, and was intended for Jacob, not for Rebecca. She was at the time breast-feeding her daughter, Esther, who was 18 months old, when the natives attacked. Somehow she interposed herself and, instead of Jacob being killed when the Kaffirs threw their assegais, she received the wound through her right side, of which she died at Elephant Fountain (Collet’s farm) 14.5.1835. The assegai also slightly wounded young Esther in the hip, but she survived, carrying the scar for the rest of her life.” Esther was their only child. Jacob remarried (Margaret Auby) and had a son, William Josephè.’

²⁷ *Footprints in the Karoo: A story of farming life*, pages 132-133, by Joan Southey.

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Sadly, Rebecca's father, Robert Rogers, was also killed only five months previous to her death, in December 1834 at Tyumie [sic] Mission, according to Southey.

Mary's son, William Revington, wrote the following note regarding his mother's family, the Smallmans and the Trollips:

Grahamstown Settlers, left England about 1812 with a General Graham, Methodists from Devon and Cornwall. My great grandmother was killed in one of the Zulu raids. The assegai pinned a baby by the foot but it killed my great grandmother. My grandmother was widowed, by the name of Trollip. She married the second time to a Smallman. The Smallmans and the Revingtons were very close in Dublin dealing in linen in London, Ontario, Canada. The Smallmans became very wealthy. My grandfather Smallman was high up in the Bank of South Africa. My name, William Revington Maclean, comes from this union.

1900s – William, Roderick and Kenneth Maclean

William married Atha Victoria Riley, and they had three children: Athalinda (Linda), Roderick (Rod) and Anthony (Duart).

Roderick married Muriel Hull, and they had two children: Heather and Rory.

Kenneth married Brynhildur (Billie) Bjornson. They had no children.

Three Papers by Roderick Maclean

7th April 1886.

On this date Mr Roderick Maclean, factor, Ardross, read a paper on "The Parish of Rosskeen." It was as follows:—

The Parish of Rosskeen.

The Parish of Rosskeen is situated on the northern shore of the Cromarty Firth, along which it extends a distance of five miles from the east end of Saltburn to the River Alness. It is wedge-shaped, 18 miles long from south-east to north-west, and about 5 miles broad near the east end. It comprises an area of 54 square miles, of which about 15 square miles are arable. The lower part of the parish is partially flat and partially undulating. The soil is of average richness in the lower portions, but poor in some of the higher portions, especially where the cultivation extends to from 600 feet to 1000 feet above the sea level. The inland portions are hilly, some of the eminences reaching heights of 2300 feet. A valley stretches along the south-west side a length of 15 miles, the first seven miles from the sea called the valley of the Alness, the next 4 miles Strathrusdale, and the remaining 4 miles Glackshellach. Nearly parallel to the valley of the Alness along the north side of the parish is the valley of the Achnacloch water, extending to about 6 miles.

In the beginning of the present century the area of arable land was comparatively small. In the possession of new proprietors and industrious tenants, however, rapid changes have taken place, especially within the last forty years, since Sir Alexander Matheson became the principal heritor. Miles which were then covered with boulders, scrub, and bog are now clothed with verdure, and numerous hill-sides are covered with flourishing woods.

From remains found in mosses, there are evidences of extensive forests having existed in the valleys centuries ago.

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In one place in particular, called “a’ Chrannich,” the wooded place, on the Estate of Ardross, large logs of bog oak are turned up in peat-cutting, a piece of which, sent to the Forestry Exhibition in Edinburgh in 1884, was awarded a certificate.

The topography is principally descriptive and historical. I refrain from giving the derivation of Rosskeen, as I am not quite sure of it. A few of the names of the places may be interesting. Commencing at the lower end of the parish, and following successively inward, we have to begin with Saltburn. “Alltan-an-t-Saluinn,” a small stream at whose mouth smugglers used to dispose of salt to the inhabitants when it was taxed: hence the name.

Invergordon, named after the first of the Gordons who were proprietors of the place. The Gaelic name is “Ruthanach-breachie,” the little speckled point. In the end of the last century, where Invergordon now stands there were only three houses, occupied by the ferryman and two crofters. The neighbouring farm is called Inverbreakie, the speckled Inver. The hand of the improver has so changed the face of the country here that the “Inver” cannot be certified, but is supposed to have been north of Invergordon Castle, where a small stream entered a swamp, now all arable.

Kincraig—“Ceann-na-Creige,” the end of the rock. This name must have been translated, as there is no conspicuous rock at the place.

Newmore—“An-fheith-mhor,” the big bog, which still exists at the south side of this estate, and from which the estate derives its name.

Obsdale—“Ob-an-dnil,” the bay in the flat. The bay and the flat are still there, but the name is now changed to Dal-more, the large flat, and the village to Bridge-End of Alness.

Alness, of old spelled “Anes.” The name of this river in the charter granted by James VI to Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis in 1608 is “Affron,” a corruption of “M’ath bhron,” my next sorrow. The tradition is that a woman crossing the river in a flooded state on a temporary foot-bridge (put up for their own

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convenience by the masons who were erecting the first stone bridge there) with a child in her bosom and leading another child by the hand, let slip the child she was leading; calling out “Och mo bhron,” och my sorrow, and in her attempt to save the child that was being carried away, let the other fall into the water, calling out “Och m’ath bhron”—Och my next sorrow. Both children were drowned, and from this circumstance the river got the name. I have read several derivations of “Alness,” but none of them is correct. I feel convinced the following is the correct derivation:—

The River in the last 600 or 700 yards of its course divided itself into several branches, somewhat in the form of a delta, forming one or more islands. The old district road, of which there still remains a portion, passed below Teaninich House, and there being no bridge, the river had to be forded. Thus we have the “Ath,” ford, and “Innis” the Island, naturally changing to Athnish, corrupted to “Anes,” and further corrupted into Alness.

Nonakiln—“Nini-cil” The church dedicated to St Ninian.

Millcraig (of old and in the Crown charter “Oulkenzie”)—“Cuil-Choinnich.” The origin of this name is worth noticing. Malcolm Ceann-mor in his war with Macbeth solicited the assistance of a chief, Donald, from the foot of the River Roe in Ulster (hence Donald Munro), and for his services received a grant of the lands from the Peffery at Dingwall to the Alness river, extending northwards to beyond ‘Wyvis, still called Ferrindonald, but having too little land to supply all his followers, he fenced a portion on the east side of the River Alness. He then got them all supplied but one —“Coinneach Ard,” tall Kenneth. Kenneth of course could not be left landless, and in consulting his assistants in dividing the land, he said “C’ait am faigh sinn cuil do Choinneach,” where shall we get a nook for Kenneth? A suitable nook was found. The name “Cuil Choinnich” still sticks to the corner, and Kenneth is honoured by the Estate being named after his corner.

There are a good many people in the district of the name of Aird, who are said to be descendants of Kenneth.

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Kvocknavib—"Cnoc an fheith bliuidhe," liehill of the yellow bog. The bog is now drained, but yellow fog still grows there.

Achnacloich, named after a large granite boulder. There is a loch here in which, when low, the remains of a Crannaig or lake dwelling can be seen, and about 200 yards east of the loch the castle of the lairds of Achnacloich stood, now all removed except a portion of the dungeon. Hugh Ross of Achnacloich got a Charter of the lands of Tollie from Charles I in 1635. Ardross Castle now stands on the site of Tollie House—"Cnoc an doire leathain," "The hill of the broad oak clump." This name indicates that oak trees grew here, and at an elevation of over 1200 feet. On the south-east face of the same hill there can be traced the remains of a croft at the elevation of over 1100 feet. Old men told me that 80 years ago the rigs could be traced. Now, except in good seasons, we cannot get corn to come to maturity at 600 feet, so much has the climate changed, and so much for the physical knowledge of a few of our legislators and (though perhaps well meaning) blind leaders of the blind.

Preas-a'-mhadaidh, the wolfs bush. The name of a clump of hazel and birch bushes which was removed about thirty-four years ago. It was situated about three-quarters of a mile north-east of Ardross Castle. The last wolf in Scotland was killed here. When I was a young lad I got the information of the killing of this wolf with that degree of freshness which convinced me of the circumstance not having been far back. The story is that an old maid at four o'clock on a New-Year's morning going to a neighbour's house for the loan of a girdle to cook a bannock for herself, took a path through this clump. At a sharp curve in the path, for some natural cause she stooped. On her return by the same path she suddenly espied the wolf scraping the ground where she stooped, and in her desperation struck him with the edge of the girdle in the small of the back, and bolted to the house she came from. The alarm was raised, and all who could wield bludgeons or other weapons of destruction hastened to the place, when they found the brute sprawling, trying to escape. He was soon dispatched, and thus "the last of his race" in Scotland ignominiously fell under the hands of an old woman. As far as I could trace, this occurred about the beginning of the last century. She was the sister of a man whose great-great-grandson is now employed

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as a carpenter at Ardross. A hill about four miles north-west of this place is called "Cnoc-a'-mhadaidh," where the wolf had his den.

Glaicksiellach, the saucy glen. Not a tree or bush exists here now, and even the heather is stunted. There are several interesting reminiscences connected with this glen. On the ridge south of this glen, which forms the march between the parishes of Rosskeen and Alness, there is a conspicuous piece of Schist rock in situ cropping up, called "Clach-nam-ban," the stone of the women. The tradition is, that before the Reformation, four women were in the depth of winter proceeding from Glencalvie, in the parish of Kincardine, to the Roman Catholic Chapel at Kildermorie, in the parish of Alness, and carrying with them bundles of hemp. When near this rock they were overtaken by a severe storm of snow and drift. They took shelter in a cleft of the rock and perished there. Their bodies were not found till the snow melted several weeks after. The party in search of them were led to the spot by seeing one of the bundles of hemp suspended from a stick which the women found there, and erected as a guide to their friends, who, they knew, would search for their remains.

At the foot of the same hill, north-east of this rock, is to be seen a small green patch called "Achadh-a'-bhad-dhuibh," the field of the black clump, which, about 90 years ago was a little croft, occupied by an old woman, the solitary resident in the glen. At the time above stated, in the month of July, a man passing through the glen observed something like a bundle of clothes in the potato plot. Curiosity led him to see what it was, and there he found the old woman dead. It would appear that she had no food, and went to try if she could find a few tubers to the potato shaws to appease her hunger. A sort of a coffin and a rude bier were made, and a few people collected to bury her, but going along the hill-side to the place of burial at Kildermorie, the insufficiency of both coffin and bier shewed itself by the body falling through to the ground. My informant, who was there, told me that they turned the coffin upside down and put the body in again, adding "people were not so proud then as they are now; they carried stumps of nails in their pockets, and as many nails were found among the party as made the box secure."

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On the side of the glen, opposite to this croft, is to be seen a portion of the hut, which was occupied by a herd employed by the Ardross tenants when they had this glen as common pasture ground. This man was a notable character, and a careful herd, for he always returned from the grazing the same number of cattle as he got to it. Somehow a few of them would have changed colour, but animals of the same changed colour would be missing in other quarters, perhaps 20 miles or more away. I heard a great many anecdotes about this man, but I refrain from mentioning more than two or three, lest I should offend, and these only to show that the man had natural abilities, which, it is to be regretted, he had not the opportunity of applying for good:—

The harvest of 1817 was late, and the crops a failure. The following year many felt the scarcity of food. Money was scarce also among the poor. Our friend, the herd, was among the sufferers, and having heard that a well-to-do farmer, residing a few miles off, had meal to dispose of, he went to ask the farmer for a boll till he would be able to pay. "I have meal to dispose of," said the farmer, "but should I give you, you will never pay me." "I will," said the herd, "the first money I can lay my hands upon will be yours." "Well," said the farmer (who was noted for cuteness), "if you tell me the cleverest piece of handiwork you committed, I'll trust you." "Good," said the herd, "the smartest turn I ever did was to relieve yourself of a stot, and sell him to you." "Never," said the farmer; but said the herd, "don't you remember a black stot belonging to you having gone amissing?" "Yes." "And you remember of me selling to you thereafter a speckled stot?" "Yes." "Well, it was the same animal." "I'll give you the meal for nothing if you tell me how you did the trick." "Done," said the herd. "The stot happened to come to my byre. I took a few bunches of salt herrings out of the brine and bound them to the animal's body. In a few days the black hair under the herrings rotted out, and on their removal white hair grew instead." The herd was not asked to pay for the meal.

Our friend on one occasion passed through the East Coast of Sutherlandshire, and on his way home took a fancy to a Highland cow with a docked tail. He managed to conceal himself and the cow for a day or two, till, as he supposed, the search would be over, and then took the road to the

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Meikle Ferry, but before doing so cut a tail from a dried hide he fell in with somewhere, and neatly bound it to the stump of the living cow. He entered the ferryboat with the cow, and just as the boat was to start, a man sprung in who closely scrutinised the cow and said, "I lost a cow three days ago, and were it not that that cow has a tail (mine had only a stump), I would say she is mine." "But the cow is mine," said the herd. The man approached the cow and again said, "were it not she has a tail I would swear she is mine." The herd saw that matters were getting rather too hot for him, and just as the man was about laying his hand on the tail, the herd took out his knife, whipped off the tail above the joining, and threw it into the sea. "There she is now a bleeding tailless cow, and swear is she yours." Of course the man could not, for the evidence was gone.

On another occasion, when hard up, on his way to the Muir of Ord Market, he took under his care a tine colt he found grazing on the Novar parks. The animal was soon sold at a fair price and paid. To oblige the buyer he agreed to see it stabled and fed; but while the buyer was regaling himself in the company of his friends, he slipped away with the colt to Inverness and sold it again. He managed to get the animal again under his care, and by daylight next morning it was quietly grazing on the park from which it was taken, without any one noticing its absence.

Our hero died in 1855 at the great age of 101. I saw him a few years before he died—of middle height, straight and active, considering the many wintery storms he had stood.

Further west in Glaekshellach, on the border of the road made there recently, is an enormous granite boulder, so shaped at one end that it has been taken advantage of to form the wall and roof of one side of a shelter stable. About the middle of last century a man named Alexander Campbell, better known as "An t-Iomharaeh mor," big Maciver, while going through the glen on his way to Glenealvie, where he resided all his life time, was overtaken by a severe storm of drifted snow. Fearing that he might lose his way, he sat beside this boulder for twenty-four hours, till the storm abated—his dress being the kilt and his covering a plaid. This man was born in 1699. The year of his death is not accurately known, but is supposed to

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have been 1822 or 1823, in the month of May. In 1819 Lord Ashburton, who rented the shootings of Rosehall, in Sutherlandshire, heard about him and invited him to Rosehall. He proudly accepted of the invitation, and arrived at the shooting lodge between six and seven o'clock in the morning, after having walked over ten miles across the hills. His Lordship was so much taken with Campbell that he gave him a present of 120 newly coined shillings—a shilling for every year of his age. Campbell was greatly elated both by the present and the attention paid to him. He carefully stored the shillings to meet the expense of his funeral. He could easily walk forty miles a day, after passing his hundredth year, without much fatigue. I saw his grandson, who died at the age of ninety-two, and his great-grandson is an Ardross crofter.

Archaeology—From its Archaeological remains the parish appears to have been early peopled. Large sepulchral cairns were numerous, many have been wholly removed, but of a few there are still preserved the outer rings and principal centre stones.

Dalmore Cairn—Commencing at Dalmore we have in a field there the cist measuring about $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 2 feet of one which was removed about 1810. It was about 60 feet diameter, and 15 feet high. What remains of it is now enclosed by a stone wall.

Millcraig Cairn—The next we come to is on the farm of Millcraig, about a mile north of Iridge-Knd of Alness. Four large central stones—one measuring 9 feet by 6 feet, the outer circle and a considerable quantity of small stones remain. The diameter is 76 feet. No living person saw it entire, so that its height is not known.

Knocknavie Cairn—A mile further up on the west shoulder of Knocknavie are the remains of what was once a large cairn. From the existing stones it would appear that there were two cists, each measuring about 9 feet long by 2½ feet broad. The diameter was 74 feet, and the height about 20 feet. This cairn was removed in 1826 to build a neighbouring march dyke between the estates of Millcraig and Culcairn. To come to an amusing incident connected with the removal of this cairn we must go back a couple

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of centuries, and introduce an historical fact. In August 1633, Sir Robert Gordon, uncle of the then Earl of Sutherland, was acting as referee adjusting the march between the estates of Hugh Ross, the laird of Achnacloich, and of the laird of Newmore, when a party of Argyllshire marauders, who were under the leadership of one Ewen Aird, were seized for depredations committed by them. Brown, in his "History of the Highlands," Vol. I., 306, states— "In their retreat they destroyed some of the houses in the high parts of Sutherland, and on entering Ross, they laid waste some lands belonging to Hutcheon Ross of Achnacloich. These outrages occasioned an immediate assemblage of the inhabitants of that part of the country, Who pursued these marauders and took ten of them prisoners. The prisoners were brought to Achnacloich, where Sir Robert Gordon was at the time deciding a dispute about the marches between Achinloich and Neamore. After some consultation about what was to be done with the prisoners, it was resolved that they should be sent to the Earl of Sutherland who was in pursuit of them. On the prisoners being sent to him, the Earl assembled the principal gentlemen of Ross and Sutherland at Dornoch, where Ewen Aird and his accomplices were tried before a jury, convicted and executed at Dornoch, with the exception of two young boys who were dismissed. The Privy Council not only approved of what the Earl of Sutherland had done, but they also sent a commission to him and the Earl of Seaforth, and to Hutcheon Ross of Achnacloich."

To what extent the Laird of Achnacloich exercised his power as commissioner is not recorded, but one traditional case is notable. He occupied a large portion of Glackshellach as a sheiling. About two years after he got his commission, two wayfarers entered the hut which belonged to him in the glen, and being hungry asked of the dairymaid a little food for which they offered payment. She refused, whereon one of the men took possession of a cheese, leaving as much money as he considered it worth. The dairymaid despatched a messenger to the laird to give information of what she called the robbery. The men were pursued, overtaken at Contullich, in the parish of Alness, brought to Achnacloich, summarily tried, hanged on the top of Knocknavie, and buried in the Cairn above referred to. We now pass on to 1826, when the cairn was being removed. A youth of about 20 years, employed at the removal of the cairn, on pulling out a stone

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from the face, let down a large fall, when out rolled a grinning skull. The youth was horrified, and leaving his horse ran off to his father, who was emptying a load about 200 yards away from the cairn. The father, who was a plucky fellow, castigated the son for his cowardice in running away from a bone, but on the two of them returning to the cairn, the father received no less a shock than the son, for there was the skull with its upturned empty eye sockets in a state of vibration, put in motion by a field mouse that got jammed among the nasal bones. Information was given to the managers of the neighbouring estates, who came the following day, and had all the bones removed and buried close by the cairn. These were the bones of the two men who were hanged by the Laird of Achnacloich, the finding of which verifies the tradition. The man who got the first fright is still alive, and is my informant.

An incident in connection with the settling of the march between Achnacloich and Newmore is worth mentioning. A large boulder, conveniently situated, was fixed upon as one of the march stones (it is to be seen on the margin of the road from Achnacloich to Tain), and is still the march stone. Both parties had a host of old and young men accompanying them to point out the old marches and to bear in remembrance the new. On the side of the laird of Achnacloich was a smart boy, to whom the laird said, "Will you remember this to be the march stone?" The boy said he would. "Put your hand flat upon it," said the laird. The boy did so, and, before he was aware, the laird drew his sword, and cut off the boy's fingers, saying, "You will remember it now," and he did remember it, and told it to others who told it to succeeding generations; and the stone is called "Clach ceann na meoir," the stone of the finger ends, to this day.

Dalnavie—The next we mention, though not a cairn, was an interesting place of sepulture. Whilst trenching waste land on the farm of Dalnavie in 1847, the workmen came upon a number of urns at a uniform depth of about sixteen inches. They were surrounded by a low circular turf fence about eighteen yards diameter. In the centre was a large one, which would contain about a gallon, and a beautifully formed stone axe was found beside it. The central urn was surrounded by fifteen other urns, which would contain about lialf-a-gallon each. Through carelessness the urns were all

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destroyed. I understand the axe was sent to the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh.

Stittenham—About half-a-mile north of Dalnavie a large cairn was removed in 1847-48. It was 108 feet diameter, and 20 feet high. In September 1880 a search was made for the cist, when a very interesting discovery was made. Having been engaged in the search, I am in a position to give a correct description of it.—

A grave was dug in hard boulder clay 12 feet long, 7 feet 9 inches wide, and 8 feet deep, rounded at the corners. The whole of the bottom was covered with a layer of flags, on which was formed a cist of thick flags, 8 feet long, 2½ feet broad, and 2 feet deep. The covers were large—one weighing about half a ton. Around and above the cist was filled with stones to a height of about 5 feet from the bottom. From the stones to the natural surface of the ground was filled with a portion, the clay turned out. Over this, and extending about 6 feet beyond the cutting all round, was a layer of tenaceous blue clay in the form of a low mound, 2 feet thick in the centre, and over the blue clay a layer of black earth 18 inches thick. From the form of the cist it is clear that the body was laid at full length in it. The body was wholly decomposed; only a small quantity of carbonate of lime and black animal matter remained adhering to the bottom flags. A few crumbs of decayed oak having been found at the head and foot of the cist suggests that the body was encased in a coffin. The only relics found were three beautifully formed arrow-heads, and a thin circular piece of shale about two inches diameter, apparently a personal ornament. About 150 yards south-west of this cairn, the workmen employed at trenching the moor in 1847 found what was evidently a smelting furnace, and among the debris turned out two beautifully formed sets of moulds for casting bronze spear-heads. They are preserved in a cabinet in Ardrross Castle. The material is steatite, of which a vein exists in the banks of a burn flowing by the Ardrross Estates Office.

Knockfionn—On the face of the hill, called Knockfionn, above Easter-Ardrross, there is a large cairn, which has not been opened, and on the

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summit of this are the remains of what appeared to be a small fortification of stone, said to have been one of Fingal's strongholds.

Mains of Arduoss—In 1848, a large cairn, “Carn Fionn-tairneach,” on the farm of Ardross, similar to the one at Millcraig, was wholly removed. As well as the central cist, there were several others in the body of the cairn, proving after burials. A number of bones in good preservation were found, and a few flint arrow heads.

On the same farm there is an interesting grave preserved. It is 16 feet long and 4 feet broad, enclosed by six large flag stones —two at each side, and one at each end. At the request of an officer of the Royal Engineers in 1876, it was carefully opened by digging a longitudinal trench, when it was discovered that two bodies were buried, the one at the foot of the other, in graves each about 7 feet long, by 2 feet broad, and only about 2 feet deep from the surface to the bottom. There are side walls about a foot high, and a division of a foot between the two bodies. The bodies were probably covered with flags, as disintegrated clayey slates were turned out in digging. The only remains found were a few teeth where the heads lay, and a thin layer of bituminous like matter, the whole length of the graves. A few hundred yards to the west of this grave there existed about 200 small cairns, said to have been raised over men who fell in a battle fought there long long ago, each being buried where he died. They have been all removed in improving the land.

The cists without cairns discovered in the district are numerous, notably those at Dalmore described by Mr Jolly in the “Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, 1878.” A group at the site of Achnacloch Castle, which contained pottery, a group north of Achnacloch loch, which have not been properly searched, as the tenant of the farm protested against such sacrilege, especially because the man who discovered them in trenching the moor immediately ran home, and kept to his bed for a couple of months. At Baldoon, on an eminence north of the source of the Achnacloch burn, are the remains of a cairn which, I think, has been a small stronghold. The name “Baile-'n-duin” suggests this. The cairn was oval, 52 feet by 42 feet. Near the centre is an elongated oval often standing

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stones. It measures 16 feet long by 8 feet broad, divided into two compartments of 8 feet each, by two standing stones, having a space of two feet between them, evidently a door. No living person saw or heard of this cairn being other than it now is, so that what has been removed of it must have been done long ago. I propose to search the floor, when, perhaps, something may be found to lead to the object of its erection.

Clacii-a'-mheirlicii—About a mile and a half west of Invergordon, in a field north of the County road, is a standing stone called “Clach-a'-mhcirlich,” the thief's stone. There is an archaic device upon it said to resemble a portion of Bramah's foot.

Though a few hundred yards beyond the march of the parish of Rosskeen, there are two interesting cairns I would not wish to overlook. They are situated in the valley extending from Achnacloich to Scotsburn, at Ivenrive, in the upper part of the parish of Kilmuir. A tradition is common among the old people of the district that in a hostile incursion of the Danes in the ninth or tenth century, the Danes, who were put to flight by the natives, made their final stand here, where they were all slain, hence the name “Cearn-an-ruidhe,” the end of the chase. One of the cairns, the most interesting of them, is now nearly removed, but a description can be given of what it was. About thirty years ago the crofter on whose land the cairn stood had his attention attracted towards it by his dog chasing a rabbit thither. The dog's persistent barking at a hole near the top of the cairn induced the man to go to the dog's assistance, and after removing a few stones with the intention of getting hold of the rabbit, he discovered a vault, but superstitious awe prevented him from prosecuting his search alone. He got the assistance of a canny neighbour who joined in a private exploration, expecting a lucky find which would keep them in comfort during the remainder of their lives. They removed the stones from above the vault, and at the depth of a few feet, came upon a flag stone; which, on being removed, made an opening large enough for them to get down. Their find was only a layer of black earth. A man who frequently visited the vault gave me a description of it. It was about nine or ten feet long, over five feet wide, had side walls of large flagstones, five feet high, the roof formed of flagstones corbelling inwards

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and finishing with large flags closing in both sides at a height of about eight feet from the floor.

Such a discovery as this was not, in the opinion of the two worthies (now both dead), a thing that ought to be divulged, and for a space of eight years it was found to be a very convenient malt deposit and whisky warehouse, and might have been so still had not Preventive Officer Munro, and his assistants, discovered the “bothy” in a naturally formed cairn in the face of the hill, north of the farm offices of Inchandown.

Sixteen years ago a portion of the cairn was removed to build the dyke in the march between the estates of Newmore and Kindeace. The vault was exposed to the public about twelve years ago, when stones were removed to build a new house for the tenant who now occupies the land. When I visited the place a month ago, the weather was so frosty that I could not search the floor for remains, which I believe are still there, for I understand no search was made. In the remaining portion of this cairn there is apparently another similar vault with the roof fallen in. Two other cists measuring about 4 feet by 3 feet, and 2 feet deep, formed in the ordinary way of single flags, are exposed, one at the north side of the removed vault, and the other at the east end of the unopened vault. The diameter of the cairn was 80 feet, and the height about 15 feet. Some of the remaining stones are of large size, one in an upright position of mica schist measures 7 feet 6 inches by 5 feet and 2 feet thick, and another, which apparently formed part of the roof of the unopened vault, of granite, measures 7 feet by 5 feet, and one foot thick.

The other cairn is situated about 150 yards east of the one described above, and is supposed to cover the remains of the common soldiers who fell in the battle. No portion of it has been removed. It is oblong, measuring 70 yards long, 22 yards broad at the east end, 14 yards broad at the west end, and about an average of 8 feet high.

Smuggling—Many humorous stories are told of the smugglers in the upland parts of the parish. I give two as examples.—

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About seventy years ago two worthies, John Holm and Sandy Ross (Uaine), who resided a short distance east of the Strathrusdale river, went to enjoy a day with a friend who had his bothy in full work at the west side of the river. After having partaken of their friend's good cheer as much as made them tellingly affectionate towards each other, they left for home. On coming to the river, which was slightly flooded, John said to Sandy, "Sandy, as I am the youngest and strongest, stand you on that stone, and come on my back, that I may carry you over dry." Sandy obeyed, but John took only three steps when he fell into the water, and before they recovered their footing, both were wet to the skin. "I am sorry I fell," said John, "but come you to the stone again, and get on my back, that I may take you over dry." Sandy went to the stone and mounted again, but they proceeded half-a-dozen yards only when the mishap was repeated. John again expressed regret, and insisted on the attempt being made the third time, which, fortunately, proved successful, and John, in throwing Sandy from off his back, said, "I am glad, Sandy, after all our mishaps, that I took you over dry!"

My other story is an occurrence of fifty-five years back. The smuggler was Donald Ross (Mac Eachain), who died in Strathrusdale about twelve years ago. He had his bothy at the base of a rock on the north side of Kildermorie loch. Two young gentleman— one of whom went for the first time to see a bothy at work—paid Donald a visit. As they were approaching the bothy, Donald, always on the alert when at work, espied them, and suspecting them to be questionable characters, moved out cautiously to reconnoitre. Recognising one, he rushed out, with his bonnet under his arm, welcoming and praising them in the most flattering terms, finishing with, "Such two pretty young gentlemen I never saw; come down from your horses till I see who is the prettiest." They obeyed, and then Donald gave the finishing touch by saying, "You are both so pretty, I cannot say who is the prettiest." During the few hours spent by the party in the bothy, Donald felt himself so elated that he drank so much of the warm stream flowing from the worm as to make him top heavy. To get him cannily to his house, it was proposed that he should be mounted behind one of the young gentlemen. This done, and Donald left without side supports, he lost his balance and fell. He was put up again with the same result, but in his second fall his head came

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against a rock, which brought him a little to his senses. Cautiously coming to his feet, and looking up to the rider, he said, "May all good attend us; truly, Mr Munro, we ought to be thankful that the ground is soft."

Ecclesiastical—Before the Reformation there were three places of worship, and three priests officiating in the parish. One at Rosskeen, one at Nonakiln, and one at Ardross. After the Reformation the three were made into one charge, the minister being appointed to officiate two consecutive Sundays at Rosskeen, one at Nonakiln, and once a month as might be convenient for him at Ardross. The chapel at Rosskeen was condemned in 1829, and a new church was in 1832 built. Underneath the back wing of this chapel, the Caclboll family built their burial vault, which has been renovated and beautified by the present proprietor two years ago. Before the suppression of smuggling in the parish, this vault was frequently the abode of spirits as well as of the dead. The beadle, who had charge of the key, was sworn to secrecy, and the vault converted to a warehouse. The church-yard is near the sea, a stream passes by it, into which, at high water, the tide flows deep enough to float an ordinary boat. Sales were made, the warehouse emptied during night, and the cargo delivered along the coast before daylight.

The chapel at Nonakiln ceased to be used as a place of worship in 1713. An incident in connection with the last service held in it is illustrative of the tenacity with which superstition still sticks to a few of us.—

The story is that the farm manager at Invergordon Castle was frequently annoyed by a bull, belonging to a neighbouring farmer, being found frequently trespassing on the Invergordon lands. At last the manager threatened that the next time the animal would be found straying there he would be shot. On a Sunday in December 1713, the manager on his way to the Chapel at Nonakiln, saw the bull on the forbidden ground. He returned to his house, loaded his gun, and shot the animal. He then proceeded to the church. Before he arrived the service commenced, and as he was lifting the latch of the church door, part of the roof gave way, but did not fall in. The worshippers were all alarmed, and a few of them hurt in their exit. One of my informants, who is still living, wound up the tale with this expression, savouring of superstition—"Cha leigeadh an Eaglais a steach e airson gun do

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mharbh e tarbli air la na Sabaid." ("The church would not allow him to enter because he killed a bull on the Sabbath day.") His idea is that the sacred edifice would not sanction the man's presence because he broke the Sabbath. The roof fell in the following year. The west gable and a portion of the side walls are still remaining.

The chapel at Ardross must, to an archaeologist, be the most interesting of the three. It was situated on the farm now called Achandunie, and known by the name of "Seapal-dail-a'-mhic." It has been wholly removed, except a portion of the foundation. From what remains the ground area is found to measure 42 feet by 24 feet. The interest connected with it is, that it is placed in the centre of a Druidical place of worship, measuring 112 feet by 86 feet. Only two of the stones remain standing. They are of sandstone split out of one block, and measuring 5 feet 6 inches high, 3 feet 8 inches broad, and 1 foot thick. A few large stones are lying covered by the debris of the ruins, the rest have been removed. This fact confirms the account of the early Culdee Missionaries, having been in the habit of meeting the people at Druidical places of worship, who, after they were converted to Christianity, built churches in which to worship at the Druidical standing stones; and this is the reason why so many of our churches in the Highlands are to this day known as "An clachan," from the standing stones.

There are only two other Druidical circles now in the parish, one at Stittenham House, and the other at the west end of Strathrusdale. In each the throe concentric circles can be traced, but only a few of the stones remain.

The people were very wild and lawless in those times. I have collected many anecdotes about them, but as my paper is already too long I will finish with a few sentences about the Episcopal Minister of the Parish. His name was John Mackenzie, better known as "Iain Breac," brother of the first Mackenzie of Ardross, who was son of the laird of Kildun near Dingwall. Mr John Mackenzie was appointed curate in 1664. He conformed in 1689 after the Revolution, and lived till January or February 1714, a month or two after the chapel of Nonakiln was deserted. The religious instruction of his flock gave him little concern. After the dismissal of the congregation almost

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every Sunday at Nonakiln, a fair was held for the disposal of cattle, harness, implements of tillage, &c. The curate mingled with the people at these fairs, and occasionally entered into their games. The most noteworthy record about him is that he was so strong as to lift a firloft measure full of barley (1½ bushels) on his roof. His successor, Mr Daniel Beaton, who was translated from Ardersier to the parish in March 1717, was in every respect a contrast. He was so small in stature that he is generally spoken of as “Am Beutanach beag,” but he was a sincere Christian, an industrious worker, and a gospel preacher; and before many years of his incumbency passed, the Parish was to a large extent civilized, His memory is still fragrant among pious old people.

Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Volume XII, 1885-1886,
page 324.

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28th MARCH, 1888.

At the meeting held on this date the following were elected ordinary members of the Society, viz., Mr D. Cargill, accountant, Royal Bank, Inverness; Mr John Campbell, jr., Inspector of Poor, Kingussie; Miss Helen Mackenzie, 7 Palace Road, Surbiton, Surrey; Mr George Macpherson Grant, Ballindalloch; and Mr Ronald Macdonald, teacher, Central School, Inverness. Thereafter Mr Roderick Maclean, Ardress, read a paper entitled "Notes on the Parish of Alness." Mr Maclean's paper was as follows:—

Notes on the Parish of Alness.

Two years ago I had the honour of reading before this Society a paper on the topography of the Parish of Rosskeen, in which some friends in the Parish of Alness were so much interested that they wished me to prepare a similar paper on their Parish, which I have done, and now take the liberty of reading. I hope those friends and others will find a few things in it which will interest them.

The Parish of Alness lies to the north of the Cromarty Firth, extends in a north-westerly direction a distance of 16 miles—its greatest length; and its greatest breadth is 7 miles. It comprises an area of 72 square miles. Except comparatively small portions south and east of Fyrish, at Boath and at Glenglass, the whole is pastoral and mountainous. Several of the hills reach elevations of from 2000 to 2700 feet. By the Ordnance Survey of 1881, the extent of arable land is 3050 acres, and of moor, wood, &c. 43,297 acres.

The Rev. Mr Angus Bethune, Minister of Alness, in his statistical account of the Parish published in 1797, gives the origin of the name thus:—"Alness signifies the Promontory, a headland of the river or brook, being composed of the words Auilt, brook, or Amhain, river; and Ness, a headland, which is the termination of many places where there is a headland or promontory." I cannot agree with Mr Bethune in this derivation. There is a headland where the river enters the sea, but the Norse have not left their mark at all in place names in that district. The promontory immediately West of the mouth of Alness river is called a "rudha," and the promontory immediately East

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thereof, at Invergordon, is also called a “rudha” (Celtic); and all the old place names, both along the shore and inland, from Dingwall to Nigg, are Celtic, so that I conclude we must take Alness to be derived from Celtic words. When I was a boy, old people pronounced the word “Anes”—the “e” being silent, so that I feel I must adhere to the same derivation as I gave in my former paper on Rosskeen, “Ath an Innis,” the ford at the island or flat land at the river side. The river Alness is a rapid one, and its banks, along the greater part of its course, are precipitous till it reaches to within half-a-mile of the sea, where it leaves the conspicuous terrace (from 70 to 80 feet high) along the northern shore of the firth. At the foot of this terrace there is a pool called “Poll-a-charachaidh,”—“the turning pool”—where, before the present through channel was cut in 1846-7, the river frequently changed its course to the west, to the east, and in different directions between. Several traces of the channel are to be seen below Teaninich House on the west side, and towards Dalmore on the east side. A small stream flowing by the church of Alness, half-a-mile west of the river, is, at its lower end, called “wrest ford,” indicating that it entered a branch of the river there, that there existed an east ford, and that there was an island or islands between. Here, then, was the easiest place to ford the river, and the old road that passed that way can still be traced. From recent archeological discoveries, this place was centuries ago more populous than the surrounding places. The first Christian place of worship was built near the ford, and, before the County was divided into parishes, it is quite natural to suppose the name given to the church would have been Eatjlais Ath-an-Innis—“the church at the island ford latterly the parish named after the church, shortened to “Anes,” and corrupted to “Alness.”

Commencing with the names of the places next the seashore, I take them successively inland.

Teaninich—Tiyh-an-Aonaich. The house of the market-place, or of the assembly of people. The flat at the ford here was a very suitable place for a market-stance. The markets are now held at the east side of the river in the Parish of Rosskeen. The present bridge crossing the Alness from Teaninich to Obsdale was erected in the beginning of the present century.

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In 1799 the former bridge was swept away during a great flood in the river. It stood immediately north of the present bridge, and its foundations can still be traced. In the eastern abutment there was a cell for criminals. About 1750, the last prisoner who occupied it managed, with the assistance of a friend, to make his escape by wrenching off the iron grated door during night, a few hours after he was incarcerated. On the terrace immediately west of the bridge can still be traced the remains of the entrenchment occupied by Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis and a strong body of men to guard the passage of the bridge during the rebellion of 1745-46. Sir Robert Munro, and his brother Duncan, who was the surgeon accompanying Sir Robert's regiment, were both killed at the battle of Falkirk, on 16th January, 1746, and are buried there.

Baile chreagain—The town of the little rock. The last of this little rock was removed by the present tenant three years ago. It was situated to the west of the Parish Church.

The original village of Alness, composed of a number of scattered houses, stood on this farm, south and east of the Parish Church. The Alehouse was at the east side of the Church-yard, its back wall forming part of the enclosure of the Church-yard. In it parties watching newly-buried bodies lest they should be lifted by doctors spent more of their time over the ale stoup than watching their charge.

The present village was laid off about the beginning of this century, on leases of 999 years. It is told of one man who, on receiving his lease from Captain Munro, the proprietor, about 70 years ago, asked would he get a renewal of his lease on the expiry of the present one. The Captain said to him, "When your present term expires come you to me and I will renew it." The man, quite satisfied, said, "Well, Captain, you were always a gentleman of your word, and I will take you at your word." In the middle of the 17th century the farm of Balachraggan was part of the estate which belonged to the famous Rev. Mr Mackilligan, Minister of the Parish of Fodderty, who was ousted for nonconformity to Prelacy. The estate came into his possession by his wife, who was a lady of the Fowlis family. I am indebted to the Rev. Dr Aird, Creich, for several interesting reminiscences relating to

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this eminent man which are worthy of being recorded, and I here give them.

Mr Mackilligan was admitted to Fodderty 26th February, 1656; deprived by Act of Parliament and Privy Council, June and October, 1662 ; deposed May, 1663. He removed to his wife's property, below the church of Alness. I heard my father say that the wood to the south-east of the old toll-bar used to be called "Coille Mhic Caolagan."

Mr Mackilligan was the leader at the conventicle which was held at Obsdale, near the sea-shore, and about a mile east of the river Alness, in the month of September, 1675. Bishop Paterson was then Bishop of Ross. His feelings towards Mackilligan were bitter, and he was constantly on the watch to find cause for Mr Mackilligan's apprehension. At last he was informed of the proposal to hold this meeting, and to dispense the sacrament—the only Communion said to have been held in the Presbyterian Church north of Nairn from 1662 to 1689. Wodrow (Vol. II., page 285, edition 1829) says—"The design of this solemnity (Communion at Obsdale) having taken air, the Sheriff-depute, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon, a moderate gentleman if left to himself, by the instigation of the Bishop sent a party to apprehend Mr Mackilligan. Expecting the solemnity would have been dispensed at Alness, the soldiers came there, and, not finding him, they fell a-pillaging his orchard, which kept them so long that the forenoon's work at Obsdale was over before they reached."

Records do not apparently agree as to the very spot on which the Communion was held. Wodrow says—"The holy ordinance was administered in the house of the Dowager of Fowlis." Another author, whose name has escaped my memory, says that it was held in a sheltered place among bushes, and it is traditional among the people of Rosskeen and Alness that it was held at an old fir tree, now in the last stages of decay, in a garden immediately above the farm-house of Dalmore.

I believe that the three accounts are parts of a true whole, for I have a map of Obsdale, dated 1791, which shews the dowager's house, waste land covered with bushes, and the tree, all on a small area of ground. My

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impression is that during the service the minister stood at the tree, the congregation sat, sheltered by the bushes, close to the tree, and that when they were warned of the approach of the soldiers they dispersed. Mr Mackilligan, being the only one wanted, took refuge in the dowager lady's house, and there dispensed the sacrament to the lady and friends who were in the house with her. In his search for Mr Mackilligan, the officer in command of the party of soldiers entered the dowager lady's house while Mr Mackilligan was there, and I here give, in Dr Aird's words, how he escaped:—"There was in the house when the officer entered the famous Sir John Munro of Fowlis, son of Sir Robert. Sir John was a famous soldier, and an eminently godly man. He married Ann, daughter of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, first Baronet of Coul. He was very portly; if he lay flat on the ground it would take four men to help him up. When the officer appeared near the house, Sir John covered himself with his military cloak, and having taken Mackilligan under the cloak, hid him behind his immense legs."

Wodrow states that "after the soldiers left the ministers and people met again in the afternoon and had no more disturbance," but he does not state where they met. The tradition is that they met in a hollow north of Fyrish hill, not on the same afternoon, but on the following day. "After 1687," says Dr Aird, "Mr Mackilligan was allowed to preach on his own estate. He summoned Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon to law for the damage his orchard sustained from the raid his soldiers perpetrated, and got large damages. With these damages he built a meeting-house on his estate, where the people assembled peaceably under his preaching until the Revolution. Owing to an ailment under which he laboured he required to be near a surgeon, and could not return to Fodderty, his old Parish, which he was entitled to do, but went to Inverness, preached there to such as would come to hear him, but not in the High Church, as the Magistrates and many of the people were so prelatiic that they would suffer none to enter the pulpit but an Episcopalian, for about ten years after the Revolution. He died in Inverness 8th June, 1689, and his dust lies buried there."

The present Parish Church was built in 1782, and the Manse in 1795. The Church was repaired in 1875, and the Manse having been accidentally

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destroyed by fire, except the walls, in 1869, was renewed the following year.

Culcraggie (Cvl-a-chreagain)—Behind the little rock. The farm lying immediately north of Balachraggan, and probably formed part of Mr Mackilligan's estate.

Coulhill (Cnoc-na Cuil)—The hill of the nook, from one of the nooks at the base of the hill near the river Alness.

Clais-nambuidktag—The hollow of the yellow flowers. In the time of the Rev. James Fraser, who died in 1770, this place was noted for pious women, and it has been said that the minister, though a man of great learning and ability, often feared to preside at meetings held by the old women for discussion, lest they should bring forward points too weighty for him to grapple with. Dr Aird has in his possession an ivory snuff-box which belonged to this eminent divine.

Contullich (Ceann-nan-tulaich)—The end of the hillocks. A small castle stood here, which was replaced by the present farmhouse about the end of the last century. In the beginning of the last century the castle was occupied by a wild character known by the name of Eachiann Odhar na mort—Dun Hector of the murders. His proper name was Hector Munro. He had a brother at New Tarbat, in Easter Ross, who was almost as ferocious as himself. Hector was appropriately named "the murderer," for any man from the heights of the parish passing along the road, a little to the east of his castle, who would not take off his bonnet, and place it under his arm, would be shot. He killed many. One man from Kildermorry, who, in passing by, unfortunately omitted to take off his bonnet, immediately met his fate; and on the report reaching Kildermorrie, a cousin of the murdered man, Ross by name, but better known as An Liosae' (iille-Iosa), vowed he would put an end to Hector's career. The following day he carefully loaded a sure Spanish musket, and proceeded to Contullich. As he approached the castle he concealed his musket, by keeping it perpendicular at his off side. He observed Hector landing at an open window, and took off his bonnet, but soon replaced it, which roused the ire of Hector, who rushed for his gun,

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came to the window, and aimed, but, before he could fire, the Kildermorrie man shot him dead, thus ending his murderous career. He had a vault into which he placed the bodies of his victims, and only opened for each fresh victim. It is but natural to suppose that after Hector's death the ghosts of the murdered would be disturbing the peace and quietness of Hector's successors in the castle. Almost every night footsteps were heard ascending to, and descending from, one of the rooms, known as "Macleod's room," in which was placed the window from which he shot most of his victims. On one occasion a ghost was so daring as to thrust its hand through the jamb of the kitchen fire-place and take away a bannock of barley bread from a girdle on the fire.

The ghost disturbances came to an end by Thomas Macdonald, the tenant of the farm, about the end of the last century, opening the vault and removing the bones—six earn loban loads, some say sixteen loads—to Alness churchyard. I knew a man who, when a boy, saw the bones removed.

Other wild stories are told of Hector, among them that when he went out to dine he had a naked footman with a fox's tail bound behind him, running before his horse. On a cold wintry night, with snow and severe drift, his cattleman, who, while feeding the cattle, and Hector present, said, "It is cold to-night on Druim-na-gaoithe" (the windy hill). "You will experience that," said Hector, and immediately ordered him to make up a burden of straw, and carry it on his back, over the "windy" and other hills, to Easter Fearn, on the southern shore of the Dornoch Firth, a distance of thirteen miles; and he did it.

At the time of the Rebellion of 1745-46, there lived at Contullich a very strong man. On the retreat of the rebels from the skirmish at the Little Ferry in Sutherlandshire, a few of them passed through this district. One was so severely wounded that when they came to the Dalneich ford of the river Alness he could proceed no further. His comrades took possession of a horse belonging to a crofter there to carry him. The remonstrances of the owner of the horse were repelled, and his life threatened if he persisted in trying to retain his property. Consequently, unknown to the rebels, whose

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way led by Contullich, he crossed the river by another ford, and reached Contullich before them. He found the strong man turning over his dung heap with a croman, who, on having heard of his friend's loss, coolly went to meet the rebels, cronian in hand, and demanded the horse. On being firmly refused, he belaboured them with his uncouth weapon, put them to flight, and restored the horse to its owner.

Novar (Tigh-an-Fhamhair)—The giant's house. Tradition has failed to record who this giant was.

Cnoc Fyrish (Cnoc Faire)—The watching hill. One of the chain of beacon hills from Fairburn (Faire braigh cimhuinn)—the watching place above the river—to Cnoc-na-h-aire, the watching hill in the parish of Tarbet, Easter Ross. There is a curious monument on the top of Fyrish, which attracts the attention of strangers. It consists of three arches, and two obelisks on each side of the arches, gradually increasing in height towards the centre. It, as well as two other monuments on the neighbouring hills, was built by General Sir Hector Munro of Novar in the end of the last century. I saw in Boath one of the buckets used in carrying on horseback prepared mortar to the top of the hill for the building.

Gleann Glais—The glen of the stream. "Glais" is obsolete Irish for a stream. Hence, anything of the colour of water is called "glas" by Gaelic-speaking people.

Moultavie (Maol-dubh)—The black, bare place. The heather here is black and stunted.

Ducharie (Dubh-har)—The black turn, or bend, in the valley between Cnoc Fyrish and Cnoc Ducharie.

Ardoch (Ard-acliadh)—The high field.

Caishlan—The name given to a hill once famous for its cheese-producing herbage.

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Druim-nan-damh—The ridge of the stags.

Meall-an-tuirc—The hill of the wild boar.

Beinn-na-diollaide—The saddle-backed hill.

Cnoe-liath-fad—The long grey hill.

Lealty (Leth A lit dubh)—One side of the black burn. This small estate was bought by the late Sir Alexander Matheson of the Munros of Lealty in 1846. The extent of arable was small at the time of purchase, but it is now all improved as far as practicable. There is to be seen at Lealty House the lifting-stone of the old Munros of Lealty. It is of granite, globular, 2 feet in diameter, and weighs 7 cwt. It is said, on an occasion of the sons of one of the lairds of Lealty and the heir of the laird of Tollie, on the opposite side of the river, trying feats of strength, that the heir of Tollie injured his spine in trying to lift the stone. His father complained to the laird of Lealty, who, during the following night, got the stone removed to Lealty burn and sunk it into a deep pool. His sons, having missed the stone the following morning, made a quiet search for it, restored it to its former place, and there it now rests, bidding all observers defiance to lift it. There is a vein of iron ore on this estate. A sample of it, which, in the end of the last century, was sent to the Carron Company at their own request, produced 70 per cent, of iron. In 1849, a Birmingham Company sampled it with the same result.

Cnoc Alasdair—Alexander's Hill. This hill is situated West of Lealty. On its south-west slope the remains of seven ancient British houses are to be seen. They are circular, about thirteen yards diameter, and the entrance facing the south-east. I cut a section through one of them, and found in the centre what I took to be decomposed charcoal. The fire-place was evidently there.

Boath (Both)—A hut. The name is said to be derived from the hut built by the first occupant of the place. This must have been very long ago. On the farm of Ach-a-cairn—the field of the cairns—are the remains of several tumuli. These were entire a century ago, but, within the last 70 years, were

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removed for building houses and enclosures. Two of the cairns were large and vaulted. One had a rude stair descending to the floor, and it had been the temporary abode of a noted cateran from Lochaber. In 1745 a scene took place near these Cairns which I believe to be true. It is, that big Donald Cameron from Laggan-na-Drama, Lochaber—the leader of a band of caterans who were pillaging the country—seized a horse which belonged to Donald Fraser, one of the Boath Crofters. Fraser having observed this, ran to his house for his musket, which was loaded, met Cameron, who was armed with a loaded musket and pistol, and demanded the restoration of his horse. Cameron, qualifying his language with a volley of oaths, declared he would shoot Fraser if he persisted in his claim, and, raising his musket, fired, but the powder flashed in the pan. He thereupon drew his pistol, but before he could discharge it Fraser shot him in the breast and he fell. The great-grandmother (then a little girl) of one of my informants was present herding cattle, and she saw Cameron rise and fall several times during the few minutes he lived after having received the mortal wound. When dead he was stripped of his clothing, and his shirt, which was of fine linen, was divided among a few who were attracted to the spot by the reports of the muskets—the girl getting her share. His shoes were of home-tanned leather, and so large that he had a bannock of barley bread wrapped around his foot in each shoe. Some of his upper clothing was again wrapped around his body, and he was buried in a hole dug at the east side of one of the big Cairns. The rest of the gang having heard of the murder, mustered to the spot, and burnt Fraser house. They further threatened to burn every house in Boath, but Murdo Mackenzie, laird of Ardross, who was in favour of the rebellion, interceded, and saved the dwellings of the Boath people. Shortly thereafter Fraser left the place and never returned. I knew an old woman who was said to have been his grand-daughter.

This same girl who was present at the shooting of the Lochaber man, about the same time observed a stranger for several days roaming through the district immediately surrounding Boath, collecting peculiar looking stones, and having collected a quantity of them, bought several loads of peats, which he built into a compact stack, with the stones in the centre. He set the peats on fire, and when they were consumed his trouble was rewarded by the ashes producing a lump of gold the size of a small hen's egg. If this be

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true, there are more gold-producing stones in Boath, and these inhabitants should search for them.

The Lairg—Sloping ground, south of the arable lands of Boath in the pass to Glenglass, is the place to which the raiders brought the sheep in August, 1792, when they were dispersed by soldiers, as reported in the paper on the “year of the sheep,” in the Transactions of this Society, 1876-77.

Kildermorrie (Cille-Mhnire)—St Mary’s Chapel, a ruin at the west end of Loch Moire. This place of worship gave the name to the loch and to the glen—Kildermorrie. There is a holy well near the Chapel, which has now lost its former virtue for curing diseases. Tradition gives another origin to the name of the glen —Glam Moire. Long ago a young man and his newly-married wife, natives of the West Coast of Ross-shire, migrated to a place where success would most attend them, and, according to the superstition of the time, submitted their fate to the falling of a load from the back of a horse. They therefore put the creels, loaded with household necessaries, in the ordinary way on the back of their pony, which they drove before them. The pony retained his load till they came to this glen, when it fell off, and there the young couple settled, prospered, and were blessed with five stalwart sons. It happened that on a snowy day the mother went in search of the cattle, and she not having appeared at the expected time, her husband and sons got alarmed about her safety, and went in search. The youngest of them becoming fatigued, sat down upon a slight elevation to rest. On rising some of the snow was removed from his seat, whereby he noticed that the seat he occupied was the dead body of his mother. Her name was Mary, and in consequence of this incident the glen has been called Glenn Moire, or Mary’s glen. They were said to be the first occupants of the glen.

Glen Morie could not have been at any time populous, as the extent of old arable land is small and the elevation high, the loch being 622 feet above the sea. In the end of the last century there were only about half-a-dozen crofters. The astonishment is that a place of worship should have been erected there. It could not have been for the inhabitants of the glen only, as they could not support a priest. The only conclusion that can be come to is

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that this was a central station for all the glens in the neighbourhood. The priests introduced char into the loch, and they are still numerous.

In the month of May, 1792, Capt. Alexander Cameron and his brother Allan Cameron, natives of Lochaber, became tenants of the grazings of Kildermorrie, which they stocked with sheep. The crofters who occupied the glen were dispossessed, and they removed; but two men, who had part of the hill grazings from year to year, marching with the lands of Mackenzie of Ardross and Munro of Teaninich, and took in cattle at a price per head for summering, were by mistake omitted to be legally warned out, in consequence of which they retained possession, and, as on former occasions, took in cattle to graze. These same lands having been let to the Messrs Cameron, they quite naturally ordered the cattle to be removed, which the graziers declined. The result was that the Camerons pointed the cattle in a fank. The graziers went to the owners of the cattle and told what the Camerons had done. The owners and their friends mustered in strong force, and went to relieve the cattle. The Camerons having seen them approach, mustered their shepherds to assist them in defending the fank. Both the Camerons were armed, Alexander with a single-barrelled gun, and Allan with a double-barrelled gun and dirk. One of his shepherds was armed with a clip, made for taking foxes out of their holes, and the rest with bludgeons. The people demanded their cattle, but were refused, whereupon the most powerful man of the owners of the cattle, Alexander Wallace by name, alias "Big Wallace," an Ardross man, rushed upon Allan Cameron, seized his gun, and having overpowered him, took it, as well as the dirk, from him. James Munro, commonly called "Craggan," disarmed Alexander Cameron, and Finlay Munro took the clip from the shepherd. The Camerons and their party were now overpowered and submissive. An old woman, mother of one of the shepherds, then attacked the party with stones, whereupon one of them pushed her over a cairn, and broke her arm. The Camerons now got their choice of two evils, either to quit the place at the following Whitsunday, or to suffer themselves to be bound, laid on their backs in the back door, and the cattle to be forced out over them. They chose the first—to remove—which Allan did, but Alexander was allowed to finish his lease in peace. Several of the party were tried, but only two, Alexander Wallace and Finlay Bain, were considered sufficiently guilty

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to be tried at the assize, eight weeks thereafter, during which time they were lodged in jail. The evidence brought out that both the Camerons had their guns loaded with buckshot and ball, and as the parties at the bar did them no harm, but only disarmed them, they were not found guilty. Not having been found guilty, they got a day each as compensation for the time they were in jail. In the following August took place the famous sheep raid, already taken notice of before this Society. The glen is now a deer forest, and has been so for the last 50 years.

There is not much of traditional interest connected with the other place names in the parish, but I may name a few of them, so as to give their meaning.

Loneroid—The wild myrtle bush.

Knocklea—The grey hill.

Bal-a-mhuilinn—Milltown.

Balhne— The marshy town.

Cnoc-na-Sroine—The hill of the nose; above the junction of the Ainoss and Rusdale rivers.

Lenthad Riabhach—The greyish slope.

An Claigionn—The skull.

Meall-toll-a-choin—The hill of the dog's hole.

Meall-mor—The large hill.

Creachru-nan-sgadan—The bare mountain summit of the herrings.

Meall-nun-bo—The hill of the cows.

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Carn Sonraichte—The notable cairn.

Coire-nan-Sgulan—The cony of wicker baskets.

Loch-a-chaoruinn—The loch of the rowan trees.

Feur-lochan—The grassy loch.

Loch Magharach—The loch having much fishing bait or spawn (trout are numerous).

Bad-a-sgailich—The shading clump of trees.

Coire na gaoithe—The windy corry.

As may be expected, many more superstitious tales than those I have already mentioned are still told by old people, though, thanks to an enlightened age, they are not believed in. I here give three, and a few others of local interest.

Corp-crè—A form of human body made of clay. About the close of the last century the powers of the wizard were not extinct in the Parish, for they were exercised on the heir-apparent to an estate in the upper reaches of the Parish. The young gentleman showed symptoms of decline, and no medical aid could avail him.

A man whose surname was Mason lived in the neighbourhood, and it being whispered among the natives that he had communion with the nether world, suspicion fell upon him that he was exercising his cantrips on the young gentleman. No counter-wizard of sufficient power could be found nearer than the famous Willox of Strathspey. He was sent for, and, on examination, perceived that the decline was owing to a Corp-crè. It was necessary to find out the author, of whom Willox gave a description so like Mason that there was no doubt of him being the mischief-maker. A member of the family went to Mason's house and bribed one of his children, a girl, to give information about some things she saw her father do.

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Among others, she told of the Corp-crè, which she saw her father place in a neighbouring burn. She pointed out the spot, the discoverer went home, informed Willox, who went to have it removed, but to the grief of the family Willox said the clay body was too far gone to remove the charm, and the young gentleman must die; but Willox said that for a suitable reward, if the family wished, he could transfer the decline from the young man to his father, who would die instead of his son. This was agreed to; the old man in a few days became insane, and shortly thereafter his earthly career came to an end. The young man was quickly restored to health, and he lived to a good old age.

At Clais-nam-buidheag a man coming home late from a smuggling bothy observed a woman standing at one of the windows of his house in the act of receiving something that was being pushed out through the window. The woman having seen the man, ran away, whereupon he rushed forward and caught hold of the object, which, to his astonishment, was his own child about being carried away by the fairies. He entered his house quietly and found his wife sound asleep in bed with a babe beside her. The man lay down in another bed close to where his wife lay, and took the rescued child in with him. In a short time his wife awoke, and found the child she had lying on her arm dead. "My child is dead," she called to her husband, in a state of alarm. "But mine is living," said the man, and then told her what happened. The report soon spread, and the following day many came to see the dead child, but none could tell whose it was. They feared to bury it, but, on the recommendation of the Solomon of the place, it was laid on a gravestone in Alness Church-yard, where it was exposed for six weeks, to give the fairies an opportunity of claiming it, and they having not done so, the remains of the body were committed to the earth.

The girl mentioned above, who saw the Lochaber cateran shot at Boath, was taken late on a Saturday night by her master to assist him in spearing salmon on the river Alness. He was very successful that night, more so than ever he was. The fish came rushing towards the light of his torch, and none missed his spear; each fish as flung ashore was added by the girl to the heap. Midnight passed, when, to his astonishment, a tremendous fish came slowly on, its enormous eyes flashing brightly in the rays of the torch. "The

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mermaid!" he called out, and moved backward, keeping the spear advanced, till he reached the bank of the river, when he sprang ashore and ran home, accompanied by the terrified girl. He, however, returned to the fishing scene when daylight appeared, and took home the fish; but he never thereafter went a-fishing late on a Saturday night.

Past generations were not far advanced in religious knowledge in the upper parts of the Parish. I will give two examples. During the incumbency of the Rev. James Fraser, about 150 years ago, a Kildcrmorric crofter called upon him for baptism. The minister found the man very ignorant. He asked him where he was brought up. "I was born," said he "at Bad-a-sgailich, and I was brought up at Thig-a-Stae (both in the glen). My education consisted not in a knowledge of God and religion, but in the milking of cows, the curdling of milk, the grazing of stots, and, ho! ho! on with them." "Man, do you know there is a God!" said the minister. "Do you know' yourself there is a God?" was the man's reply; "if there were not a God how could a foal come from a mare, a calf from a cow, or a child from a woman."

My next story shews a degree of cleverness that is worthy of being recorded. Rev. Alexander Flyter was translated to the parish of Alness in, I think, 1821. He was a very gentle and earnest man in religious matters, and did all that lay in his powder to instruct the people under his care. In one of his earliest visits to the upper part of the parish, he held a diet of catechising at Kinloch (Ceann-an-loch), the east end of Loch Morie, at the house of Donald Ross (Mac Eachuinn). Donald was a famous smuggler, and a prince of flatterers. He had no great desire for the minister's visit, which was announced from the pulpit on the previous Sabbath, on account of the break it would make in his smuggling operations that day, but he resolved to be courteous and affable towards his minister. There were no roads suitable for springed conveyances in Boath in those days, so that the minister made the journey on horseback. When he came, accompanied by the catechist of the district, in sight of the house, Donald went forth in haste to meet him, with his bonnet under his arm, and uttered as a salutation, "Lord bless you, what a pretty man you are!" They shook hands, the minister dismounted, and Donald put the horse in charge of one of his sons, with the instruction to put him into the barn that he might get his bellyful of

com from the heap. "Do not that," said the minister; "the horse would injure himself. Just give him water and a feed of com." Donald now conducted the minister and catechist into his house, but immediately turned back to order his son to give the horse a wisp of straw only. On his return the catechising commenced. "Donald," said the minister, "I always begin with the head of the family; what is effectual calling?" "And what is effectual calling]" said Donald. "I want you to answer the question," said the minister. "Indeed, Mr Flyter," said he, "it would be a great shame for me to open my mouth on such a subject in your presence. There was never a blessing on this parish till you came to it. You are so pretty and so peaceable; you are not like wild Mr Carment, who is this day catechising on the other side of the river, frightening all his people; you draw the people, and they love you. I'll not open my mouth; you are the man to put a question and to answer a question; repeat the answer yourself." Mr Flyter acquired his knowledge of Gaelic after he was licensed to preach, and was not at the time referred to so fluent in the language as afterwards, so that he took up the Gaelic catechism and read the answer. "Indeed," said Donald, "you read it well." The minister was not satisfied with the knowledge of Donald's children, and gently reproved him. Donald's excuse was the great distance from a school and his inability to pay for a tutor, which resulted in the minister, at his own expense, sending a tutor for a year to instruct Donald's children. Highland hospitality in those days would not be hospitality without the whisky bottle. A bottle was produced, but the quality of the whisky did not please Donald. Another and another was sampled till the right stuff was got. When the minister tasted the whisky he suspected it was of Donald's own distilling, and seriously counselled him, showing him the great evils resulting from the practice of smuggling. "Do you advise me," said Donald, "to stop it?" "Oh, yes I do," said the minister, who was delighted to get the reply—"Well, I'll never put a black pot over a fire again since you say I should not but no sooner was the minister out of sight on his return journey than Donald sent one of his sons to turn the malt and another to kindle the fire under the black pot."

There are many stories told of Donald how he cheated the "gaugers," but I must dispense with them at present, as I would occupy too much time.

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One story more and I am done. Mr Flyter was on another occasion catechising at Lealty, when John Holme, who resided there, had put to him the question, "What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death?" He answered correctly. In questioning him on the answer, the minister said, "Now, John, do believers rest in their graves?" John replied naively, "There was a day when they would rest, but now the doctors will not allow them."

Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Volume XIV, 1887-1888, page 217.

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8th MAY 1889.

At this meeting, Mr Roderick Maclean, Ardross, read a paper entitled, "Notes on the Parish of Kiltearn." Mr Maclean's paper was as follows:—

Notes on the Parish of Kiltearn.

The Parish of Kiltearn lies on the north side of the Cromarty Firth, west of, and parallel to, the Parish of Alness. Its greatest length is nearly 16 miles, and its average breadth 3 miles. The total area by the Ordnance Survey of 1763 is 29,956 acres, of which 4578 acres are arable. The surface is beautifully diversified by hill and dale, wood and water, arable and moorlands the hills rising in successive altitudes to the crowning point at Wyvis, 3429 feet high. From the summit of Wyvis on a clear day the view is grand. A description is almost useless; it must be seen to be appreciated.

The origin of the name is to me doubtful. It is traditional that one of the early Barons of Fowles was buried at the site of the present Parish Church, that in process of time many of the retainers of the family were buried around him, and that when a place of worship was built there it was called Kill-an-Tighearn the burying-place of the lord of the manor. I am not aware of another place of worship or of burial in the Highlands which, if dedicated, is so to any other than to the Divine or to a saint. May not the dedication be to the Lord Kill an Tighearna?

Great changes have taken place in the parish since Dr Robertson wrote his Statistical Account in 1791. There were then very few stone and lime houses those of the poorer classes were miserable turf and mud huts. The population then was 694 males and 922 females together, 1616; in 1831, 1605; and in 1881, 1146. I have no doubt the difference of the number of males under that of the females in 1791 was owing to the number of the Clan Munro who were then serving in the army. They were always famed as a warlike race.

The object of this paper being to give the place names, I now proceed with them in alphabetical order:

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Achleach – Achadh-an-Leathad – The field on the slope.

Allt-Cailc – The chalky burn. Plants under water on the banks of this burn have the appearance as if covered with chalk, no doubt caused by lime held in solution in the water. Limestone must be there, though as far as I know it has not been discovered.

Allt-Duack – The black small burn.

Allt-Duilleag – The leafy burn, named after water-cresses that grow there.

Allt-Garbhaidh – The rough burn.

Allt-Grad – The ugly burn. This is a portion of the river flowing from Loch Glais, now too well known to require a minute description. North of the village of Evan ton, the river, for a distance of nearly two miles, runs through a narrow chasm from 80 to 120 feet deep in one place only 16 feet wide and it is said in the last century a smuggler pursued by excisemen leapt over the chasm at this place.

Allt-a-Choilich – The burn of the blackcock.

Allt a Ghoill – The burn of the stranger or Lowlander.

Alltan-Teann – The swift running burn.

Allt-na-moine – The burn of the peat moss.

AUt-nan-Caorach – The burn of the sheep. Supposed to have got the name from a large number of sheep having been smothered in it during a severe snowstorm. There is here a lead mine, which was found to produce good lead, but the work was not prosecuted.

An Leacaimi – The side of the hill.

Ardullie.

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Ath-a-Bhealaich Edheannaich.

Bad a Ghortain – The clump of wood at the small arable field.

Badgharbhaidh – The clump at the rough place.

Balachladoch – The town at the shore.

Balacreig – The town of the rock.

Balmeanach – The mid town.

Balconie – Balcomhnuidh – The residence. So named from having been the first building erected by the first Earl of Ross, and in times gone by known as Baile Goihhnuidh Mhic Dhonuill.

Balnacrae.

Bog Ttiath – The north bog.

Bog a Phiobaire – The piper's bog.

Bogandurie Bog-an-Tur – The bog of the tower. The tower is now in ruins.

Bognahairn – The bog at the south side of the Skiak water, where there existed a tower now in ruins.

Cadha Dubh – The black narrow pass.

Clach-a-Cholumain – The pigeon's stone.

Clachan Biorach – The pointed stones.

These stones have evidently been erected as a Druidical place of worship. There are twelve of them disposed into the form of two ovals joined to each other, of equal areas, measuring 13 feet each from east to west in their

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longer axis, and 10 feet from north to south in their shorter axis. In the west end is a stone 8 feet above the ground, and the others are from 4 to 5 feet high. In the middle of the western oval is a flat stone, which probably may have been the altar. About 9 feet from the eastern oval is a circular hollow, said to have been a well of considerable depth, now filled up. It is 8 feet diameter at the top. Around these ovals are the remains of three consecutive circles the first 35 paces, the second 50 paces, and the third 80 paces in circumference. The remains of large sepulchral cairns and tumuli in the parish are numerous, and are worthy of being kept on record.

Clais Bhuie – The yellow hollow.

Clais Dhaibhidh – David's hollow.

Clare – Clar – A name applied to a plane, or land having a smooth surface. There is here an area of about 200 acres of what was till about 40 years ago arable and meadow land, about 700 feet above the sea, but which cannot now, owing to the coldness and lateness of the seasons, be profitably cultivated.

Caolasie – The narrow passage at the lower end of Loch Glais. Here is the ford of the old drove road that passed that way.

Clyne – Claon – The slope. This is the name by which the estate, now called Mountgerald, was known till recently.

Cnoc a' Mhargaidh – Cnoc-a-Mhargaidh-Dhuibh – The hill of the black market. Supposed to have got the name from some disaster that happened there, either in loss of life or loss in business the former probably on account of the number of tumuli at the base of the hill. This is a beautiful hill, oval in form, having its longer axis from north-west to south-east, or parallel to the valley of the Glais. Its base measures about 800 yards by 400 yards, and its summit 60 by 20 yards. Its elevation is 1020 feet above the sea, and about 250 feet above the average level of the surrounding ground. On the eastern slope can be traced out what was evidently a roadway formed to the summit. A view from the summit of the surrounding valley

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suggests that its form was caused by glacial action, the flow of the ice being from the valley in which Loch Glais is situated, and from the eastern corries of Ben Wyvis, along the valley of Allt-nan-Caorach, immediately north of the hill. The united glacier appears to have swept the valley on both sides of the hill, and to have left the hill itself in its present beautifully smoothed shape. How it was able to withstand the destructive flow of the glacier is not very evident, as no rock is to be seen in it. From the summit are seen the vitrified hill forts of Knockfarrel, Craig-Phadrig, and the Ord of Kessock, and also the ridge of the Black Isle from Mount Eagle to Oomarty. Though the slopes are heathery, the summit is covered with green sward on fine black mould, and on digging to the depth of 18 inches, charcoal was found, suggesting that though no remains of a fort can be traced, it was a beacon hill that might be in communication with the above hill forts and the beacon points of Resolis and Cromarty. As the name indicates, and tradition has it, markets were held at this hill in times long gone by. This is confirmed by easily traced remains of stone and turf walls at the base of the hill on the south side. They enclose an elongated area of 30 acres, subdivided into stances by internal walls, and conspicuous in one place are the sorting fanks, of circular form, and other four-sided enclosures. More interesting, and within the same general enclosure, are five hut circles undoubtedly ancient two of them joined by a passage, and another having an internal wall from the circumference to near the centre, apparently intended for partial privacy. Around and north of the hut circles are a great number of tumuli, apparently grave mounds, which, except in two instances, have not been opened.

Cnoc-Rais – Reis – The hill of the race, so named on account of some person who was wanted being seen at this place, and hotly pursued, but he won in the race and escaped.

Cnoc-Vabin – Mhath-beinn – The good hill. This hill, about two miles north of Mountgerald House, has been, and still is, productive in grass.

Cnoc-an-Teampuill – The temple hill, north of the Clachan Biorach.

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Cnoc-na-Lathaich – The hill of the mire. The ground at the base of this hill is miry.

Coire-na-Comhlach – The corry of the meeting place.

Corrie-Bhacie – The corrie of the peat bogs.

Culbin – Behind the hill.

Culcairn – Behind the cairn. This portion of the parish lies to the east of the Alltgrad, awkwardly jutting into the parish of Alness. It was included in the parish of Kiltearn on account of the small estate which it forms having belonged to a scion of the Fowlis family when the boundaries of the parish were fixed.

Culnaskeath – A nook enclosed on one side by the Skiak water.

Dal-Gheal – White plain.

Drummond – Drummean – The low ridge. A farm west of the village of Evanton.

Dimruadh – The red mound. The ruins of an old stronghold, relating to which there is no tradition.

Eileanach – The place of the islands. The place is about a mile and a half south of Loch Glais. The ground is flat, and during floods the river spreads out so as to form a few islands. Near this place is a beautiful waterfall, called "Conas," properly Coneis. The waterfall of the dogs. Why it is called so I could not ascertain. The fall is in two leaps, about 15 feet each. The first falls into a large basin, over the lips of which it has been recently observed that less water flows out than falls in. Curiosity led the observing party to try by experiment if there existed an invisible channel, and, to their astonishment and delight, small pieces of wood and other light substances thrown into the basin were sucked up by a small eddy, and they reappeared

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in the pool at the bottom of the fall, after having made their way through the under channel.

Evanton – A village situated between the Alltgrad and Skiack, about a mile north of the Cromarty Firth. The first house was built there about the year 1800, when Mr Fraser was proprietor of Balcony, and he called the village after his only son, Evan. Before then a small village existed to the west of Skiack water, to the north of the farm of Drummond, where there are still a few houses, still called the village of Drummond ; and, to distinguish the one from the other, Evanton was, and is still by old people, called “Am Baile Ur” the new town. This village is laid out with regular streets, its sanitary condition is good, and, a few years ago, the present superior Mr Ferguson of Novar introduced water at considerable expense to himself.

Fannyfield – The name given by the late Mr John Munro of Swordale, in 1859, to a portion of the estate of Swordale, formerly known by the name of Bog-Riabhach – the brindled or greyish bog.

Ferrindonald – Fearann Donuill – The country of Donald, which includes the parishes of Alness, Kiltarn, part of Ding wall, and part of Kincardine.

Buchanan relates that, about the beginning of the eleventh century, King Malcolm the Second of Scotland feued out the lands in the country to great families in it, on account of their eminent services in assisting him to extirpate the Danes out of the kingdom. And, according to the records of the Fovvlis family, it was on that occasion that the lands between the Borough of Dingwall and the water of Alness were, in 1025, given to Donald de Bunroe, pro- genitor of the family of Fowlis, from whom all the Munros in this country are descended. Part of these lands were afterwards, by the king, erected into a barony, called the Barony of Fowlis. From this Donald de Bunroe is lineally descended the present Sir Hector Munro, bart., who is the thirty-second baron of Fowlis. The surname of Bunroe (now softened to Munro), is said to have originated in the fact that Donald came to assist King Malcolm II. with a band of trusty followers, from the foot of the river Roe (Bun Amhainn Roe), which falls into Loch Foyle, in the north of Ulster, and hence we have a few place names of Irish origin still existing in

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Ferrindonald, the most prominent of which is Fowlis, Ben-Wyvis, and Loch Glais. When the first charter was granted by the Crown is not known. The earliest I could get at is the one granted by James the Sixth of Scotland, dated 8th March, 1608, granted to Sir Robert Munro.

Fluchlady – Fliuch Leathad – The wet hill-side.

Fowlis – Fodh-'n-Lios – Beneath the fort. The word lios is now applied to a garden, but originally in the Irish language it meant the enclosure of the garden, or that which defended the garden from the inroads of cattle or other animals. It meant also .a wall of defence surrounding a dwelling. Hence we have Lismore in Ireland, and the island of that name in Argyleshire, both meaning the big fort or stronghold. Now, on the top of the hill above Fowlis Castle, there is to be traced the foundation of what appears to have been an oval fort, and the late Sir Charles Munro told me that the site of Fowlis Castle derived its name from its being situated beneath this old fort. Hugh Munro, first of the family, authentically designated of Fowlis, died in 1126, and he seems to have been the grandson of Donald de Bunroe. Hugh's grandson built the first tower of Fowlis on a piece firm ground surrounded by a bog about 1150 or 1160. It is only in the present century that the last of this bog has been drained. The present Castle of Fowlis is built upon the foundations of the old tower, greatly extended in area, and the dates upon it are 1754, 1777, and 1792. The barons who successively occupied the fort and castle are eminent in the history of our country, and to do justice to their memory would be the writing of volumes. I cannot, however, refrain from mentioning an anecdote which is told of Sir George Munro of Culcairn, uncle of Sir John Munro, known as the "Presbyterian Mortar-piece," and from whom the present Baronet of Fowlis has descended. He was a soldier of fortune, and was engaged in the thirty years' war. He was called the "Presbyterian Mortar-piece" on account of his firm adherence to Presbyterianism during the twenty-eight years of Prelacy in Scotland from 1660 to 1688. He was too powerful a man for Bishop Paterson to take before the Commission for nonconformity, but his dependants did not always escape. The Bishop was informed that two men on the Fowlis estate, John Munro (Caird), and Alexander Ross (Gow), were in the habit of holding conventicles, and caused them to be summoned

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before a Commission which sat in Elgin in December, 1684, or January, 1685, on nonconformity, "to fine, confine, banish and hang, as they should see cause." The Commission consisted of the Earls of Errol and Kintore, and Sir George Munro of Culcairn. Sir George was a friend to the oppressed. He was told by his lady that John Caird and Alexander Gow were summoned to appear before the Commission, and he desired her to tell them when called not to answer to their names of "Munro" and "Ross," but "Caird" and "Gow." He then, on the Court day, when the men were before them, said that their Lordships did not understand Gaelic, which he did, and that the names of the men meant "tinker" and "blacksmith;" that such characters never troubled themselves about religion they rather engaged in drinking, swearing, and fighting, and that the Court was really disgraced by the Bishop bringing such characters, before them, and he moved that the men be ordered out of Court, never to appear before them again, which was agreed to, and the Bishop was censured. At the same meeting Sir John Munro of Fowlis was ordered to be imprisoned in Tain, and his son in Inverness, for nonconformity.

Sir John was a man of great physical power. Here is the whisky bottle out of which he used to give his tenants a dram when paying their rents, and this is the glass. The bottle contained $5\frac{3}{4}$ gallons, and the glass $2\frac{1}{2}$ large wine glassfulls. It is said that Sir John could, with ease, lift the bottleful in his right hand and steadily fill the glass. From other anecdotes related of him he must have weighed over 30 stones. He died in 1696. Many of his dependants also were strong men. It is said that about this period an English champion came to Fowlis and challenged any man to fight him. He was entertained in the castle according to the custom of such challenges till an opponent could be found. Some days passed without any accepting of the challenge, till a township of crofters from the side of Loch-Glais came clown with their stent of peats as part of their rent. After delivering their peats they were taken into the castle kitchen and entertained to a supply of beef, bread, and beer. The champion went in to see what kind of men they were. Among them was a big bonnetless and shoeless youth, whom the champion took a fancy to tease. He spat upon the meat the youth was eating without effect; he did it a second time, which caused a disturbance in the youth's face, but on it being done a third time the youth threw down the

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meat he had in his hand, caught the champion by the neck and legs, and with one stroke broke his spine on the massive bars of the kitchen grate.

Fuaran-buidhe – The yellow well.

Gortan – The small corn or arable field.

Katewell – Ceud bhaile – The first town or piece of land possessed by the Earl of Boss.

Knockan-Curin (Caoran) – The hill of the rowan trees, or mountain ash.

Knockgurmain – The indigo hill.

Lemlair (Leum-an-lair) – The mare's leap.

Meall-na-speraig – The sparrow hawk's hill. Here three lairds' lands meet Tulloch, Fowlis, and Wyvis.

Loch-nam-buachaillean – The herds' loch.

Mountgerald – So named by Mackenzie, the proprietor, who resided there in the middle of the last century, in honour of his supposed progenitor, Fitzgerald. The estate was formerly called Clyne, and is still called Claon (a slope) by Gaelic-speaking people.

Mountrich – A name recently given; why, I have not ascertained. Its Gaelic name is Kil-a-choan.

Ochtobeg – The small eight of a davoch of land.

Ord – The height.

Pealaig – The patchy looking ground.

Eidorach – The dark slope.

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River Skiack – Sgitheach, or blackthorn.

Teachait – Cat house.

Teanord – Tigh-an-ord – The house on the height.

Teandallan – Dallan is an old name for plough-yokes and swingletrees. A carpenter lived here who made a trade of them.

Torr na h-Uamhaig – The hill of ticks.

Waterloo – This house, recently an inn, was named after the Battle of Waterloo.

Weyvis – Fuathais (3429 feet), is an Irish word, meaning a den, or a dismal place to look into. Near the summit of the mountain there is a corrie, which cannot be viewed from above without feelings of awe. It is comparatively narrow, and 1000 feet deep. On the south-west side the cliffs are nearly perpendicular, and it would take a cool head indeed to attempt to scale them. On the north-east side the descent can safely be made. From this corrie the mountain has got its name. It is now called Corry-na-feol, on account of the number of cattle that were killed by falling over the cliffs in the days when Ross-shire farmers sent cattle there to summer grazing. It is said of a man who at one time herded the cattle that when he happened to be short of food he did not scruple to drive some of the cattle under his care to the edge of one of the cliffs at night, making himself sure of dead meat at the bottom of the corrie next morning. Many stories are told of excursions to Weyvis by caterans in the days of cattle lifting, I will relate one. Twelve Lochaber men, in quest of spoil, came to Weyvis, and drove before them all the cattle they could find into Corrie-na-feol, with the intention of commencing their home journey the following morning. A powerful old man, who herded the cattle, known by the name of “Breachie,” from the freckled appearance of his skin, assisted by an active young man named Donald òg, took a bundle of withs, came upon the twelve men by surprise during the night, overpowered and bound them with the withs. They were handed over to justice. Seven were hung, and

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the rest set at liberty. The leader, who was a bit of a poet, composed a song on the occasion of his capture, of which the following is a verse:

“Tha mo bheansa torrach òg,

‘S truagh a ri nach b’e mac e,

Ach an toir e steach an tòir,

Air Donull òg is air Breachie.”

At no time is Wyvis without snow. Even in the hottest summers a patch is to be found in some one of its corries, and in allusion to this, says Dr Robertson of Kiltearn, in his Statistical Account of the parish, written in 1791, “there is a remarkable clause inserted in one of the charters of the family of Fowlis, which is, that the forest of ‘Uaish’ is held of the King on condition of paying a snowball to his Majesty on any day of the year, if required. Snow was actually sent to the Duke of Cumberland when at Inverness, in 1746, to cool his wine.”

Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Volume XV, 1888-1889, page 302.

Memoir of Andrew Maclean: Scholar and Preacher

*A memorial sketch of Andrew Maclean, son of Hector (Eachain Mor), by J. G. Galbraith, M.C. Northern Counties Printing and Publishing Co., Inverness, 1911.*²⁸

To place a stone on the memorial cairn of one who, having served his day and generation, has gone to receive the “Well Done,” is a task that requires no apology. In this case, however, apology is due, inasmuch as it is impossible to do justice at short notice to the subject of this review.

Andrew Maclean, like all who reach the appointed span, survived amidst a generation which knew him not. Much that is interesting and instructive in such a life has gone into oblivion. The history of the early difficulties and struggles of such men, which might prompt and encourage others, are subjects of which those who have borne their part in such struggles rarely speak. Such at least was the case in this instance.

Andrew Maclean was born at Brae Findon in Ferintosh in or about 1840. The name survives on the map, but there is now no trace to be seen of any of the twenty-four crofts which formed the township where he first saw the light.

His parents were crofters of the old type, and it is interesting to note the extent to which certain characteristics were hereditary in the family. Andrew's grandfather and name sake, whose familiar name Andra Michael²⁹, is still remembered in his native parish, was an elder under Dr. Macdonald³⁰, the famous minister of Ferintosh (Parish Minister from 1813; F. C. Minister 1843-1849). He was also known as Andra nan Duan “Andrew

²⁸ This memorial sketch has been retyped from a copy that was in the possession of William Revington Maclean (1906-1997).

²⁹ See pages 11 and 12.

³⁰ John Macdonald (1779–1849) was one of the most famous ministers in the North of Scotland and known as the Apostle of the North. At the Disruption of 1843 he left the Church of Scotland to join the Free Church of Scotland.

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of the Songs,” probably in reference to poetic gift. His son, Eachain Mor, father of the younger Andrew, was a poet and singer of no mean order. He was connected with a singing class in Brae Findon, regarding which a pleasant story is told. Dr. Macdonald, himself a poet and a credible performer on the pipes, was naturally interested in this class, and meeting Hector on the road, inquired as to its progress, remarking also that for the mere learning of the Psalms tunes, he thought that some secular verse should be used in place of the Psalms of David, which reverence required should not be put to secular use. “Well,” said Hector to the Doctor, “you should give us a practice verse yourself,” to which request Dr. Macdonald responded by improvising the following lines:

An aite ciuil ‘s e cumha ‘s caoidh
‘Us sileadh dheuradh searbh,
An oidhreachd fhuaradh leinn gu truagh,
‘S ud toradh cionnt dearbh.

The anecdote serves to illustrate the interval which the uncorrupted Highlander placed between the sacred and the profane, and interval which has now all but disappeared.

Andrew Maclean began his education in Brae Findon F.C. School, a building which still exists, a last fragment of a vanished past. The quern song and thud of the flail have given way to the American reaper and steam threshing-mill, changes now inevitable, but the sad aspect of which is that there are now no people in Brae Findon except a few migratory ploughmen.

Dr. Macdonald died in 1849, and Hector Maclean subsequently removed with his family to Saltburn, in the parish of Rosskeen. Here he published (Invergordon, 1872), with much diffidence, the “Elegy on Dr. Macdonald,” by which he is now best remembered. This poem deserves more than local appreciation; it contains verses which, in the opinion of many, are equal to the best written by the famous Duggald Buchanan, the master of Gaelic sacred song. The elegy was not composed for publication, but simply because the writer delighted to recall past scenes. As he says in modest

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preface, “his thoughts frequently reverted to the days of power and sweet enjoyment which the Master vouchsafed to the favoured people of Ferintosh, when he gave them, and left with them for so many years, such a zealous evangelist and vigilant pastor. The author took delight in embodying his thoughts on such occasions in verse, and this was the origin of the Elegy, such as it is.”

One verse may suffice to indicate the lofty thought and the mastery of expression which marked Hector Maclean’s writing in his native Gaelic:

Ged bu phaipeirean na speuran ard,
‘Us ged bu dubh an cuain,
‘Us ged bu pheann gach beileag-fheoir
Achuir an talamh uaith’,
‘S ged bu chleirichean na naoimh gu leir,
‘S na h-aingle treun tha shuas,
Troimh’n t-siorruidheachd cha sgriobhadh iad
Mu mheud a sholais bhuan.

Surely no “mute inglorious Milton” ever showed in loftier language how impossible it is for the finite to measure even one attribute of the Infinite. Such was a simple crofter educated in a remote Gaelic school of the early nineteenth century. It would now, alas, we fear, be vain to search for a crofter who could think such thoughts, or embody them in such language. For the benefit of – shall we dare to call the modern Anglicised Highlander – the uneducated, the following paraphrase, which spoils but may give some ideas of the original, must suffice:

“Though Heaven were of white parchment made,
Of ink the ocean fair,
A quill there were for every blade
Of grass that breathers the air;
Though writers swift were all the Saints,
And mighty hosts above,
Eternity would not suffice
There to record His love.”

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How much such an atmosphere affected Andrew Maclean's life, and how much was inherited from Andra nan Duan and Eachain Mor, must be left undecided, but the effect showed itself early. When about the age of fourteen at Brae Findon school, Andrew used to urge on his schoolfellows the duty of Bible reading and the benefit to be derived from it, saying in Gaelic, "If the Bible is good enough for reading on the Sabbath, how much better for the week day." The above anecdote was told to the writer by an old lady who had been a school companion of Andrew Maclean, and who heard the remark.

From Brae Findon school Andrew Maclean went to the famous Grammar School of Aberdeen, where he came under the influence of Duncan Matheson, the well-known evangelist. On leaving Aberdeen, Maclean was appointed schoolmaster at Clava, and married. He was next sent as a teacher to the Isle of Lewis, where he lost his wife and two children. Subsequently he married again.³¹ After leaving Lewis, he gave up teaching as a profession and became a Free Church missionary. In this capacity he was sent to minister to the spiritual wants of the workmen employed in building a lodge in Glenmoriston, who were lodged in bothies.³² Mr. Maclean used to relate many anecdotes of his experiences there. The men were a coarse, drunken set, and when he came into the bothies on the Sabbath morning to conduct worship, he was subjected to frequent interruptions and even threats of personal violence by the crowd of half-drunken roughs. In this dilemma he was befriended by a sturdy Irish Roman Catholic, who set himself to see fair play. Having barred all exit by placing a bench across the door, this ally ensured silence by the hint that threats of interruption would be summarily dealt with by himself. The immediate result was a quiet hearing for the missionary, who often said that had he known what was before him he would have given in, and could never have lived through the trial but for his Irish protector, who replied in his brogue: "Oi loike you, Mr. Maclean, and oi niver met such a low lot of drunken, rascally, blackguards, and begorra, you just say the word, and I'll put off me coat and foight for you." Needless to say the offer was declined.

³¹ Andrew married Mary Forbes Macdonald, 25 June 1890 at 4 Gordon Place, Inverness.

³² A small hut or cottage.

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Andrew Maclean was appointed missionary at Alness under the late Rev. A. R. Munro. On the appointment of a colleague and successor to Mr. Munro he left Alness, and shortly afterwards was placed in charge of a mission under the Church of Scotland. But Maclean's heart was with the Free Church, and after the Union of 1900 he regained it, and was by that Church continuously employed up to the end of his life.

After leaving Skye, Mr. Maclean settled on the Muir of Tarradale, in the parish of Urray, naming his abode "Covenant Cottage." There was then a pleasant wood behind his dwelling, and this became the good scholar's Patmos³³. Here he would pass such leisure as his duties left him in solitary study and meditation. Much of both reading and writing was done in this "aite ciuil."³⁴ And here, after several years of beneficent labour in his Master's service, Andrew Maclean heard the voice which called him home. Illness, which ultimately proved fatal, obliged his removal in 1910 to Inverness, where for a time he became a patient in the Northern Infirmary. From one of the friends who visited him there, we have had a moving description of his perfect resignation and wholehearted acceptance of God's will. Great suffering had left his kindly happy smile undimmed. Mr. Maclean partially recovered, but not sufficiently to return to his work in Urray. Some months ago he took up his residence in the vacant F. C. Manse³⁵ at Dores. But he longed once again to minister to the people of Urray, amongst whom he had gone in and out so long. He reached the hospitable manse of the Rev. John Macleod just before midsummer's day, but only there to fall dangerously ill again. When able to rise from his bed, he returned to Inverness, and, after a further sojourn at the Northern Infirmary, he passed away on August 5, 1911. Five days later his mortal part was laid to rest in Dores Churchyard.

³³ Patmos is a small Greek island where John of Patmos (St. John the Theologian) is said to have written the Book of Revelations. It is a significant Christian pilgrimage site.

³⁴ Spot, or place, of music.

³⁵ Free Church Manse at Dores, located 10 miles south west of Inverness. This is the location where he and his wife, Mary, were residing at the time of his passing in 1911. A manse is a house occupied by a minister of a church.

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Mr. Maclean's only surviving son had long before emigrated to America, but his wife's devoted care attended him to the last.

There is a Gaelic saying that an innocent child, a ship on the sea, and a good man's death-bed are the three most beautiful sights on earth. Andrew Maclean's life may be said to have comprised all three, and now his ship has entered the haven where he would be.

Andrew Maclean inherited his father's poetic gift, and among other poems composed an elegy in English on the late Rev. John Noble (Lairg), with whose family he had been employed as a herd when a boy in Ferintosh. He frequently visited the friends and scenes of his childhood, and used to express his grief as, one by one, the old landmarks disappeared. His preaching, like his father's elegy, was characterised by loftiness of thought, and one felt in listening that here was a man who thought out things for himself. Such a spirit as Maclean's is now sadly rare. He always carefully prepared his sermons, and to show the spirit in which he worked it may be mentioned that he acquired a knowledge of Greek the better to understand the sacred text; and when sixty years old commenced the study of Hebrew, which he occasionally employed in his private correspondence.

Andrew Maclean's English was polished and fluent, and his Gaelic was remarkable for its grammatical accuracy. His vocabulary in that language was exceptionally extensive, whilst his preaching was at once poetic and exact. He was a rare type of the "Men" of old Ross-shire, combining the spiritual experience of the Highlander of a past age with a refinement and education which made his preaching particularly interesting. His favourite study was the present day interpretation of the prophetic parts of the books of Revelation and of Daniel, and in this connection he published a tract on Christ's second coming.

The present writer remembers the pleasure he derived as a boy from the visits of Andrew Maclean to the Free Church Manse of Ferintosh. Though then too young to appreciate his preaching, his fund of anecdote and his dramatic power of recital, combined with a fine voice, made it a treat to hear him recount stories of the ministers and the "Men" of our own and a

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past generation. As a friend expressed it, "You could imagine you heard Mr -- preaching, if you shut your eyes, when Andrew was telling some reminiscence or repeating some anecdote."

Andre Maclean had the poet's gift of retaining and cherishing the memories and associations of his childhood vivid to the end. As a trifling illustration, one day years ago he met one of his flock with a little silky terrier. Me Maclean stopped, and looking at "Bran" very earnestly, exclaimed, "What a delightful little doggie! His shape but not his colour, reminds me of a little dog I had myself when I was a boy." "That was not yesterday," interposed a bystander. "No," was the gentle reply, "that was indeed not yesterday, but I remember my doggies as if it were yesterday, and how I always saved the half of my porridge and milk for him." So too, when on a rainy day, a kindly ploughman's wife set out tea for him on a chair by her fireside, Mr Maclean exclaimed, with a happy laugh, "This is like old times! That is just the way my mother used to give me tea, and I could almost think myself by her fireside once more."

Andrew Maclean has gone to his reward. His place shall know him no more, and a generation will arise which knew not Joseph, but it is right that some memorial should be placed on record of this faithful servant of Christ, who was known by his works.

I cannot do better than conclude by quoting from the letter which prompted this sketch. My correspondent wrote: "Mr. Andrew Maclean was well known and greatly beloved in many parts of Ross-shire. As I know how deeply he was valued and respected, and what a truly beneficent life was led by this gentle old scholar, I venture to call your attention to his modest, earnest career of beautiful devotion, in the hope that you may give him the only commemoration he is likely to receive in this world; in another his name is assuredly recorded in letters of gold. He had a smile and kind word for everyone. Strict with himself, he was never harsh in his judgements of others; much esteemed as an exponent of Scripture, his own good life was perhaps his best sermon. He had much spiritual insight combined with a keen but ever kindly sense of humour. I write of him without any bias, for to my regret I never saw Mr. Maclean, and am myself

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an Episcopalian. But I would not think it right to let such a man pass away without attempting to lay a stone on his cairn.”

-J. G. Galbraith

One small addition to the above account of Mr. Maclean's life, is the story told by William Maclean (1906-1997) that his great-uncle had a habit of giving away his money. As such, his wife took to sewing sovereigns in to the hems of his petticoats as a way of saving.

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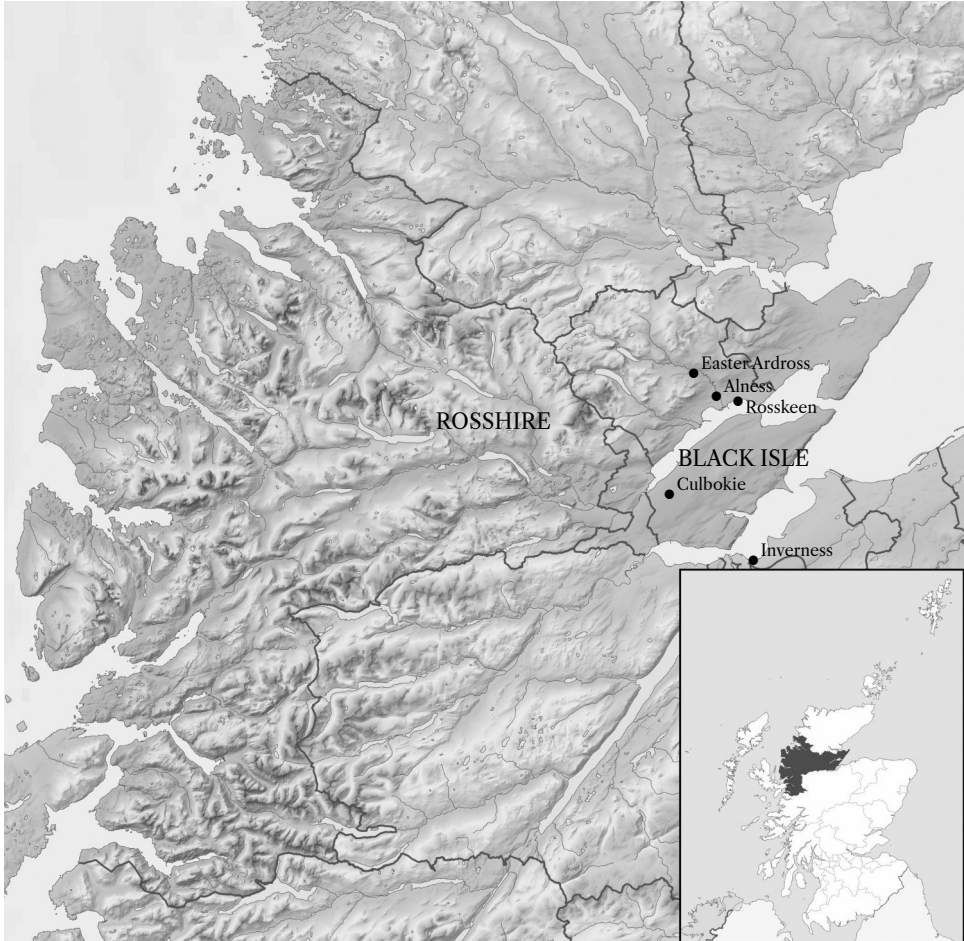
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Images

The following images can be viewed and downloaded from *genealogy.ianharvey.ca* under the respective or associated names of the individuals they reference.

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Ross and Cromarty, and the Black Isle peninsula

Clann 'Ileathain

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Roderick 'Rorie of the Highlands' Maclean

Clann 'Ileathain

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Andrew Maclean and Mary Macdonald

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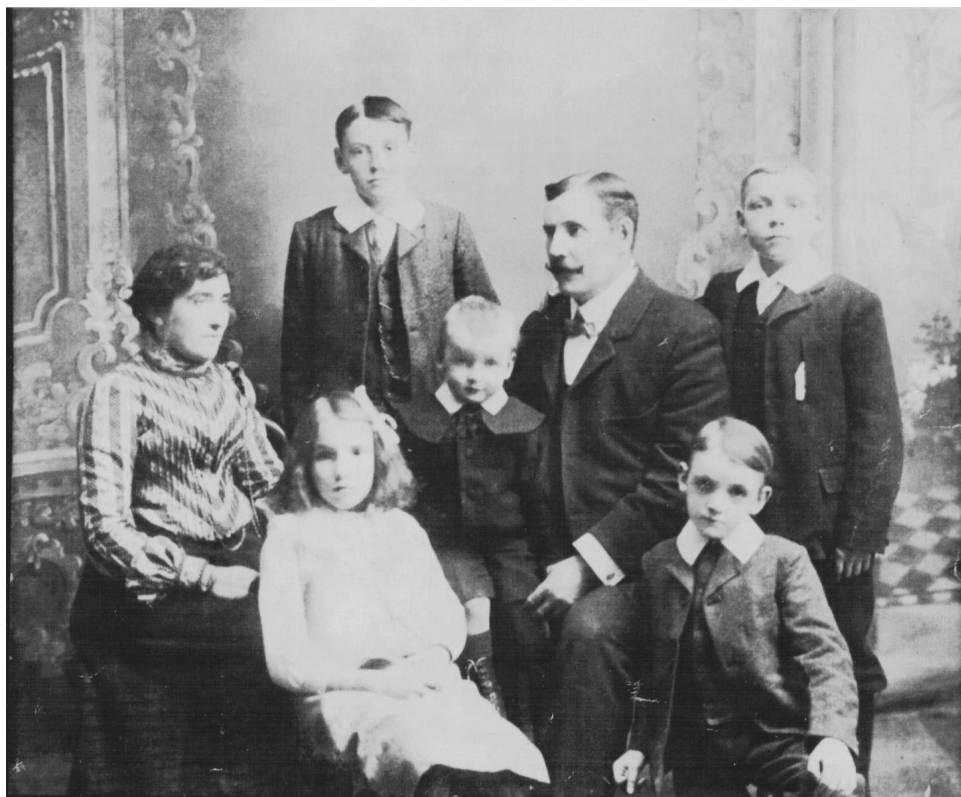


Dores Free Church and Manse, circa 1952

Residence of Andrew and Mary Maclean in 1910/11

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Roderick Stewart Maclean and family, circa 1899/90

L-R: Caroline Maclean (nee Craig), Beatrice Ella, Roderick, Ian, Roderick
Stewart, Ralph Romilly, William

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Easter Ardross Estate, home of Roderick 'Rorie of the Highlands' and
Isabella Maclean

Photo taken in 1995 by Heather Jane Luccock.

View the Highland Historic Environment Record for this property at:
<https://her.highland.gov.uk/monument/MHG16202>

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School house in Easter Ardross

Photo taken in 1995 by Heather Jane Luccock

Clann 'Ileathain

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William Andrew Mackenzie Maclean

Clann 'Ileathain

The Clan Maclean Family: Highlanders of Rosshire and the Black Isle



Esther Trollip

Clann 'Ileathain

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Mary Rogers Smallman

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Maclean family, circa 1941

L-R: Atha Maclean (nee Riley), William Revington Maclean, William Andrew Maclean, Kenneth Maclean, Brynhildur (Billie) Bjornson

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Roderick McBean Maclean and daughter Heather Jane
England, 1944

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The Clan Maclean Family: Highlanders of Rosshire and the Black Isle



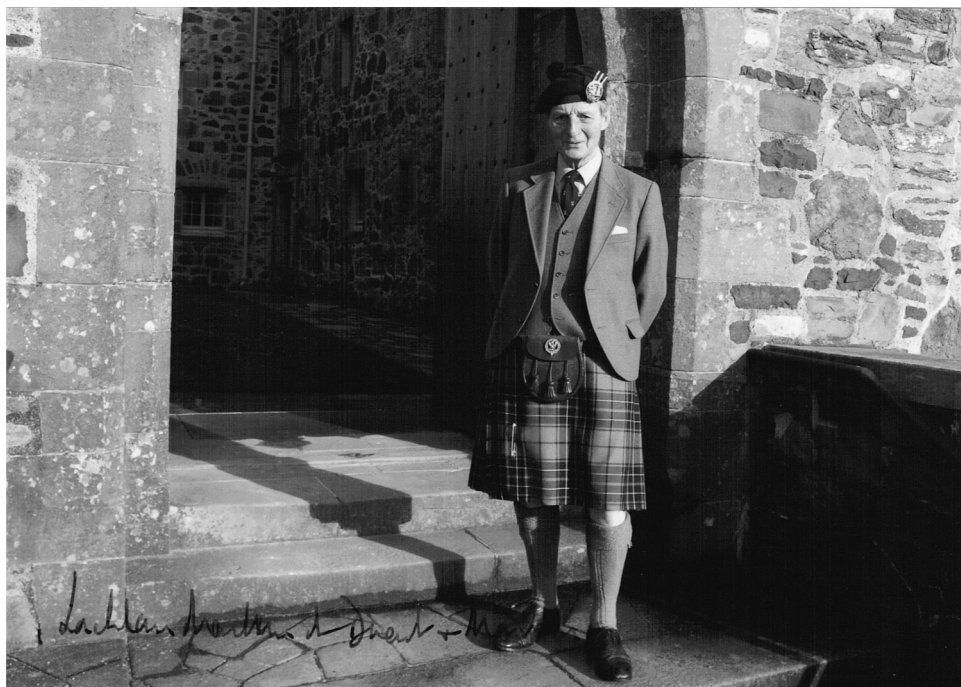
Duart Castle, the ancestral home of Clan Maclean on the Isle of Mull

In 2021, a donation was made to the Duart Castle Restoration Appeal in honour of William Andrew Maclean and his descendents in Canada. If you visit Duart Castle be sure to ask to see the Life Guardian Register to view the inscription:

“In honour of William Andrew Maclean of Easter Ardross, and his descendants in Canada”

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Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart and Morven, 12th Baronet, CVO, DL
28th Chief of Clan Maclean

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The Clan Maclean Family: Highlanders of Rosshire and the Black Isle

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